

THE HARDEYAN

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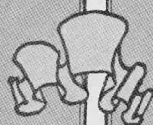
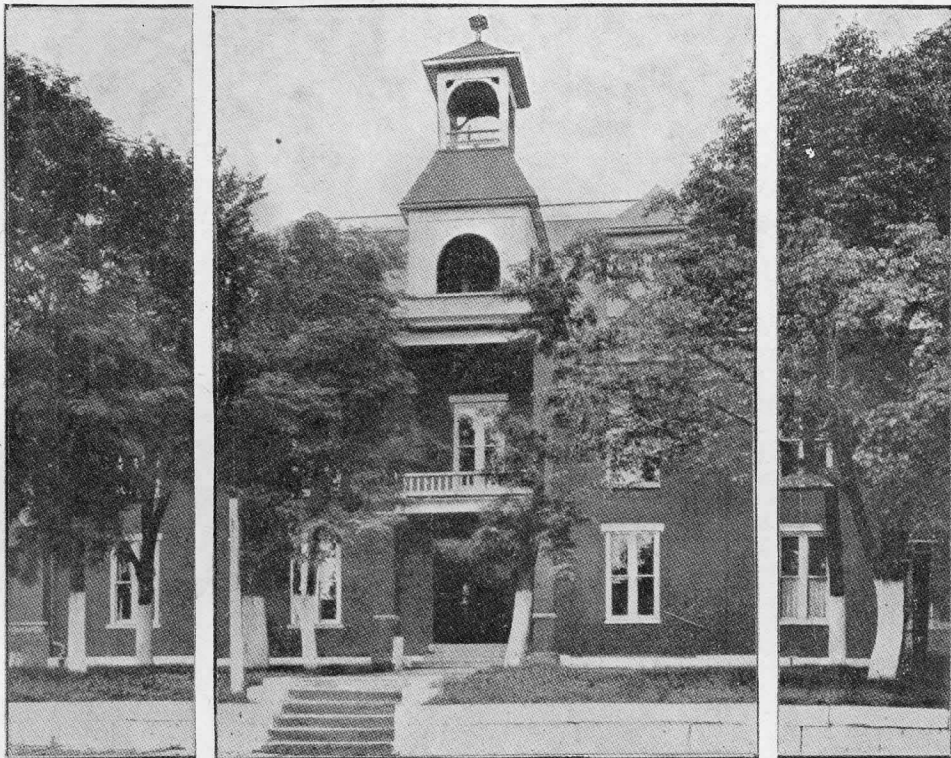


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THE HARVEYAN



**A YEAR BOOK
FOR 1914**
PUBLISHED BY THE
STUDENTS
of
MORRIS HARVEY COLLEGE



W.W.T.

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Dedication

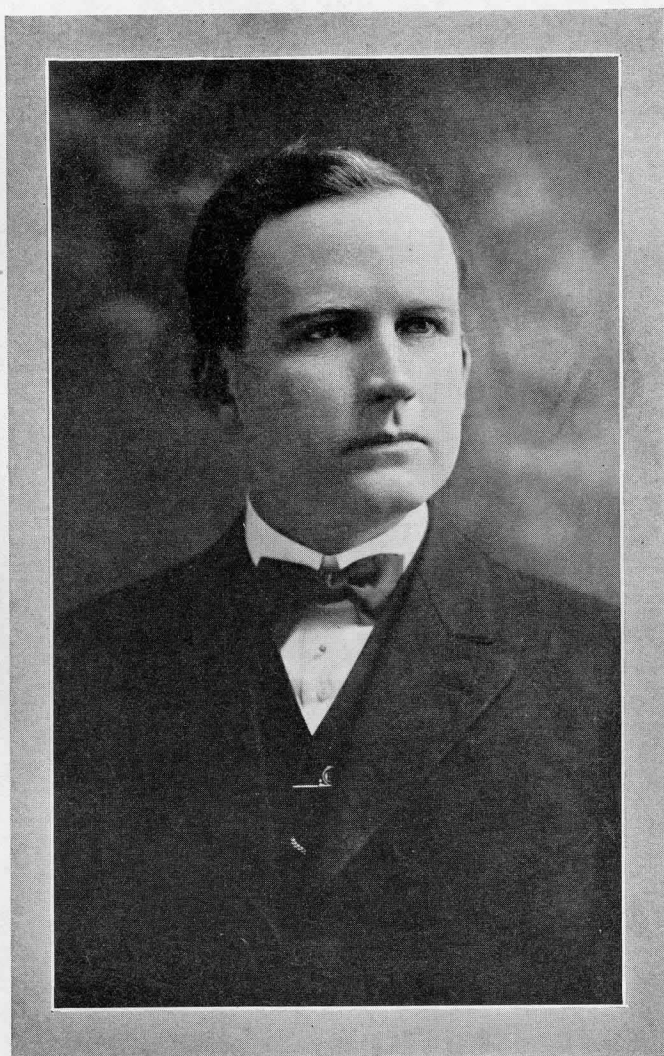
To our beloved president,

Rhenus Hoffard Alderman

who combines in one personality the splendid intellect which we admire, the gentlemanly characteristics which we respect, and the broad sympathy and Christian character which we love; whose deep lessons from the book of life have been a source of inspiration and an uplift to all of us; whose untiring energy and unerring judgment in behalf of our best welfare have endeared him to the hearts of everyone of us — this book is respectfully dedicated.



Ms. Elizabeth V. Holloman Gift \$5.00



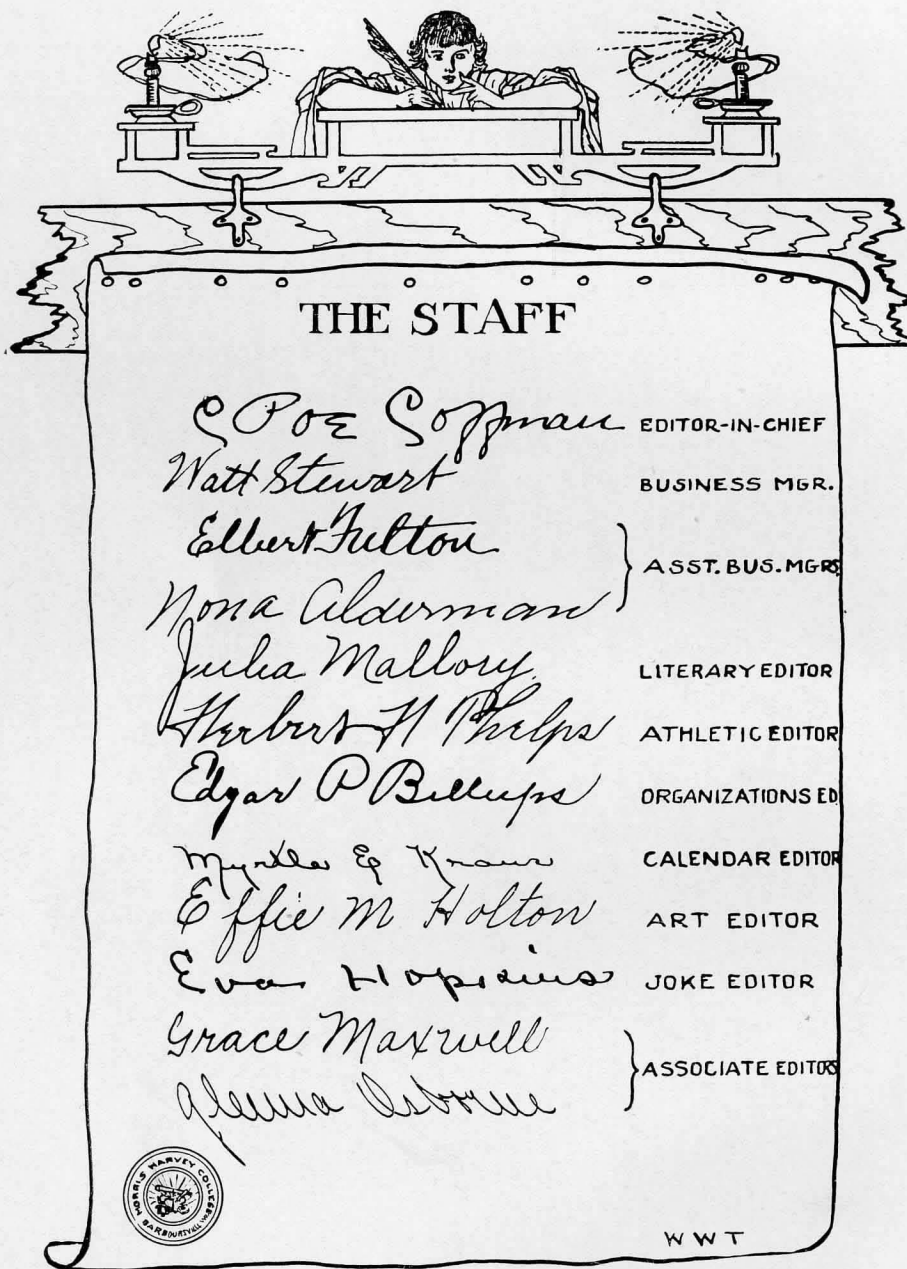
R. H. ALDERMAN, A.B., President.
Philosophy and Political Science.



Mrs. R. H. ALDERMAN

Foreword

IN this, our first issue of the Harveyan, we have gathered a collection of pictures, facts, and fancies characteristic of Morris Harvey school life. In this book we have endeavored to set no standards and teach no lessons. Our purpose has been to preserve for ourselves and our friends a memento of the days we have spent here. If our sketch has more light than shadow it is only because our days have been happy. May this, our first attempt, find a warm place in the hearts of the alumni, faculty, friends, and students of Morris Harvey College. In judging our work you must remember that we are only students and not editors of experience. We wish you many happy moments of meditation on Morris Harvey





MISS OSBORNE



MISS HOPKINS



MR. FULTON



MR. PHELPS



MR. COFFMAN



MR. STEWART



MISS ALDERMAN



MR. BILLUPS



MISS MALLORY



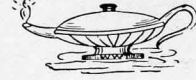
MISS KRAUS



MISS MAXWELL



MISS HOLTON



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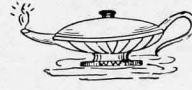
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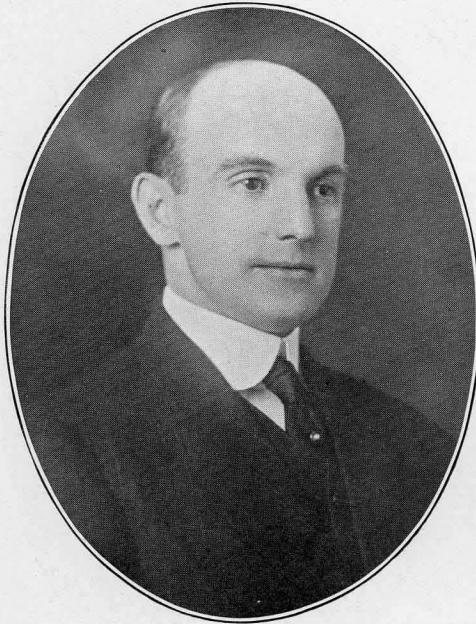
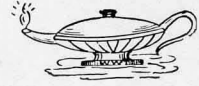
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Science and Greek



MISS BERD ROBERT ALLEN A.B.
Mathematics.



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R. L. McCLUNG, A.B.
Latin and German.



MISS MARY L. GINN, A. B.
English and French.



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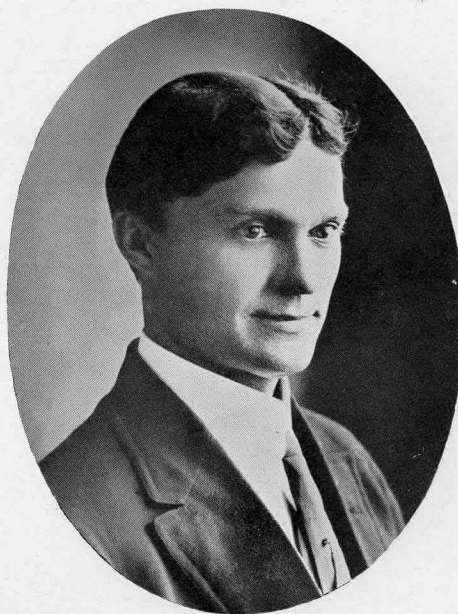
MRS. MARGARET FITZHUGH, B.S.
Education and Psychology.



REV R. T WEBB, A.B., B.D.
Bible.



MISS ETHEL KEYSER.
Model Training Department.



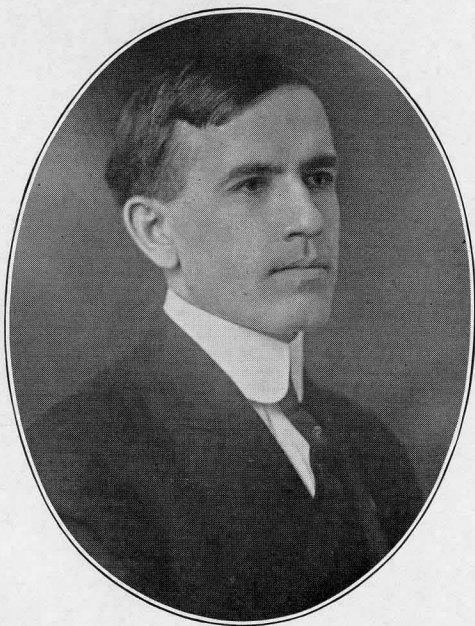
EDWARD ELLSWORTH HIPSHER,
R. A. M., *Musical Director*
Piano, Organ, Voice Theory



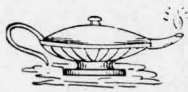
THE ARVEYAN



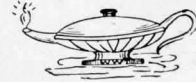
MISS LOUISE COUCH.
Violin and Piano.



WALTER O. ROPP
Principal Commercial Department.



THE ARVEYAN



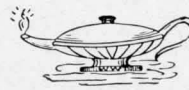
MRS. W. W. ALDERMAN, B.S.
Expression and Assistant in English.

MISS NORA LOVETT.
Art.





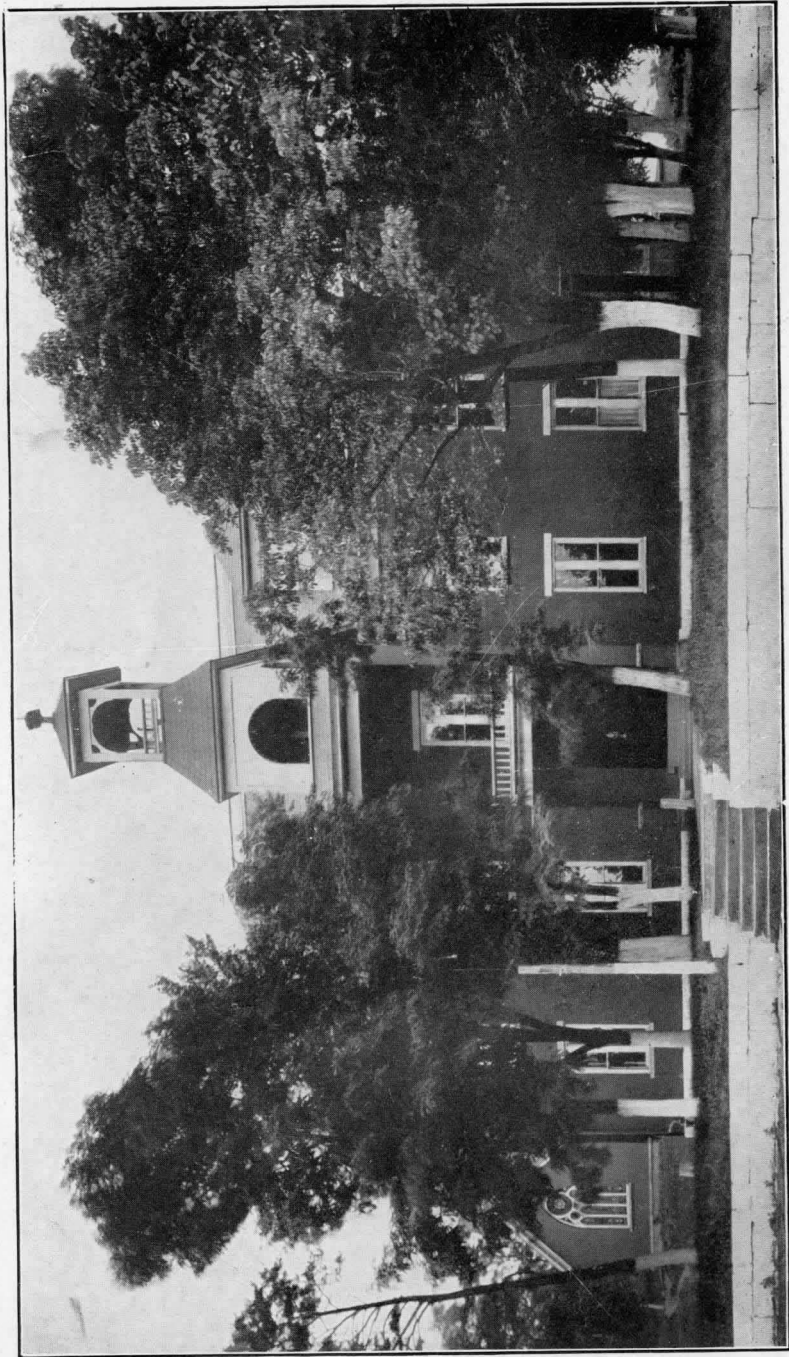
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Domestic Science.
Matron Rosa Harvey Hall.



MRS. J. W. MILLER.
Matron Billingsley Hall.



MAIN BUILDING.

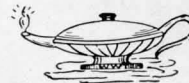
SENIOR



W.W.T.



THE ARVEYAN



Class of 1914.

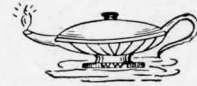
OFFICERS

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ELBERT FULTON	<i>Vice-President</i>
GLENNA OSBORNE	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
MRS. M. O. FITZHUGH	<i>Sponsor</i>

MOTTO: Finimus Coepturi

CLASS COLORS: Green and Gold

CLASS FLOWER: Cream Rose



CLASS HISTORY

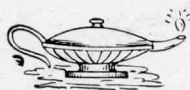
GRACE MAXWELL, Historian.

AFTER much research I have been able to discover that the class of '14 had its beginning in 1909; but as only a few members of that now famous class were present then, very little was heard of them. However, pupils from other schools felt a silent call to M. H. C. They knew not that they were to be members of the illustrious class whose history is here revealed.

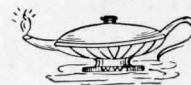
For a year or two we climbed quietly upward without organization, until, one day, we realized that we were in truth Juniors, and deserved to be recognized as such. Therefore our class was duly organized and Elbert Fulton, familiarly known as "Brownie," was chosen to lead us through the year of failures and successes. We spent this year quietly in diligent study; but scarcely were we organized ere our influence began to be felt; for a class such as ours could not long keep all its geniuses quiet. But I can dwell no longer on the achievements of our Junior year, for there is much yet to tell.

At last there came a day when we became known as the Senior class. Our first meeting was a rather solemn occasion. We realized that we were starting on the last year in our dear old Alma Mater. But our gloom was somewhat lessened by the thought that we would soon be ready to startle the world with some of our very original ideas, and other knowledge that we had been able to acquire.

Watt Stewart was chosen to lead us on to our final triumph, and we settled down to work with one aim in view, to make not less than the required grade in all studies, which was 85%, for—let me say it in a whisper, some of us had some grades on record that we were not extremely proud of.



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The faculty, having once been Seniors themselves, realized our worth and gave us Senior privileges at the beginning of the year. They permitted us to go to the library without permission, and did not compel us to study in the afternoon, unless we had to go to the detention class, and, of course, no Senior ever did that. We have appreciated these privileges, and have shown the faculty we were worthy of them.

We let no grass grow under our feet, and in a few weeks our fame had spread abroad. Our representatives on the gridiron reflected the greatness of the class by their phenomenal athletic work. In the literary societies all were held spell-bound by our wonderful words, both spoken and written. In fact, there was no field of activity in school that was not occupied by some member of our class.

We were the ones that first conceived the idea of publishing an annual. And it was the president of our class who was elected business manager of the first publication, and who collected or rather attempted to collect money for it, until, to use his own words, he was, "A mere shadder of his former self."

Nothing gave the pupils of the Model Department more pleasure than to have us practice teaching on them. We have their word for it that we are the best teachers they ever had. They recognized our greatness and appreciated it. Never were they known to ask us a question that we could not answer—after having consulted our textbooks.

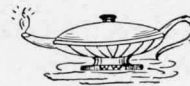
Scarcely did our class know the meaning of rules. For we were never compelled to feel the effects of them, except in a few cases, when of course, someone else was to blame. If all pupils had respected law and order as we did, rules would have been unnecessary. Never were we caught writing notes, or talking in the halls, and we knew the nature of demerits only by hearsay. We did every thing, even our studying, at the required hours, and at no other time.

One of our remarkable characteristics was our wonderful love for note books and parallel readings. Never was a class given so many readings to do, but we read them without a murmur. We were noted for our speed in getting up note books the night before they were to be handed in, and when they were finished they were, of course, models of neatness.

When the mid-year examinations came we felt just a little anxious for fear something like a Psychology or a Pedagogy examination might cause our class to decrease in numbers. Of course, should there have been an occurrence of this kind we would



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have known it was because the teacher had failed to realize what was important in the books, for, of course, there was nothing important in any Pedagogy or Psychology that we did not know. But we were not forced to form a bad opinion of any of the teachers for the class came forth with colors flying, and no visible marks of what they had passed through save sleepy looks, caused from a little study on the night before.

The examinations over we started on our last semester, with a great deal to do and a little time in which to do it. But with our usual determination we started to work resolved not to let a little thing like time have any effect on us.

I would that I could give you a history of each member of the class, but I must name only a few of their collective virtues, for space and time will not permit me to do otherwise. Some are gifted with sweet angelic voices; some are talented with oratory; some can read foreign tongues as easily as English; others are possessed with the ability of asking more questions in one hour than anybody could answer in a year.

But why should I dwell on the past glories of our class? Much more might be said, perhaps both good and bad; only the future can tell to what heights its members will climb. But rest assured, whether it be feeding chickens on a West Virginia farm, or president of the United States; we will fill either position with equal grace and dignity, and will never do anything that would in anyway reflect on our Alma Mater, or on our past glories.

This little history I've related,
The truth to tell I've striven;
If in any way I've deviated,
I hope I'll be forgiven.





Senior Class Prophecy

GLADYS HARPER.

ONE bright afternoon of a beautiful spring day I was walking through the woods intently studying nature. There I met a man, worn and haggard, carrying a sickle in his hand, whom I immediately recognized as the much evaded old man, Father Time. No doubt some might say this was a lowly place for one so noted as Father Time, but if one had only observed his abode with an aesthetic taste, he would have recognized a picture of God's own handiwork revealed in blooming flowers, waving grass and the murmuring trees. Merry Youth danced about Father Time, asking questions such as these; "What does the future hold in store for me? Does happiness await me?"

Father Time's ready answers to these questions set me to thinking, and my first thought was how happy I would be to know just what was in store for my classmates at M. H. C. As soon as Father Time had a moment to spare, I said, "Dear Sir, will you please tell me what the future holds for my classmates?" And this is the prophecy that Father Time gave me:

Watt, the deserving president of our class, will have many trying obstacles to overcome before he reaches his goal, but with a clear conscience and a steady aim he finally will reach his chosen pinnacle of success and have the honor of being a noted educator. He will make some very great reforms in education, and thereby benefit the people of other countries as well as of his own country.

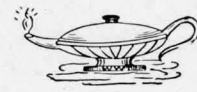
Glenna, our secretary, is destined to bring many honors to herself in an educational line before she enters upon the duties of that noblest profession, cheering the fire-side of a little cottage for a whimsical man. She will be happy in the home and will reign as supreme queen of domestic happiness.

Julia, the most dignified member, will find assured happiness in the role of a modest, unassuming wife of a minister. She will have a host of friends and by her charming and unselfish manner will be a well spring of happiness in any community.

Grace, the most studious member of our class, is destined to become a social worker of great prominence. Soon after leaving Morris Harvey she will establish a social settlement in one of the large cities of our country where she will be able to put into practice a number of her pet schemes. Grace takes the greatest interest in all reforms looking to the betterment of our race. Though she firmly believes in thorough equality of her sex, she will not become a follower of the famous Mrs. Pankhurst.



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Herbert, the forever ambitious one of our class, will achieve much renown in his chosen profession, architecture. He will become famous for his plans for handsome public buildings and artistic churches, not to mention the countless beautiful homes which will be erected all over this great country of ours.

And Effe, our artist, is destined to become a great renowned painter of her time. Her pictures will hold places of honor in all the leading art galleries, both of her own country and Europe. She will not only be a successful painter, but an enviable house-keeper as well, for she will also sail on matrimony's sea.

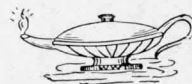
Ernestine, the optimist, will be a very prominent society editor for one of our country's largest daily papers. And more than this is in store for "Tot," for much happiness awaits her in the form of a neat little bungalow nestled among the West Virginia hills when she tires of the noisy, rushing city.

And Myrtle, the quietest girl in the class, who is naturally fond of children, will be a most successful kindergarten teacher. She will introduce many new methods of school room procedure which will be rivaled only by Madam Montessori.

Eva, the class musician, will attain great skill in her favorite subject, piano. She will go abroad where she will study under the leading musicians of the day and upon her return she will give concerts which will bring her great honor and fame.

Elbert, the genius of our class, will be one of the greatest politician of his time and more than this, for his tact and ability will win for him a place in congress where he will institute many great reforms that will aid materially in the advancement of our new era.





Seniors



ERNESTINE CLARA BLACKWOOD.

Milton, West Virginia.

"Tot."

Normal.

"I am sure care's an enemy to life."

Ernestine Clara Blackwood is too long a name for her so we call her simply "Tot" which suits her stature better. No one has ever been able to ascertain just how tall she is for it won't do to ask her. But "Tot" makes up for her shortness by being able to express herself freely on any subject. Somehow or somewhere, "Tot" has got the privilege of saying things to the teachers that no one else can. Perhaps it is because she has lived most of her life among them. Her aspiration is to be a school teacher up the G. V. where she sincerely hopes Latin and Geometry have never been heard of. May she attain success wherever she goes.

EFFIE MAY HOLTON.
Salt Rock, West Virginia.

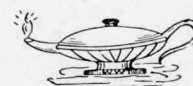
"Witty." Expression, Normal.

"I hear, yet say not much, but think the more."

A faithful worker and a diligent student, she deserves the praise accorded her. Effie is always on time and does her work so well that the reprimands of the teachers never come her way. She is a thoughtful and studious person, caring not for the gaieties and frivolities of life, but rather enjoys study and hard work necessary to attain success. Ambition is the secret of success; this is why Effie is successful. She has "hitched her wagon to a star" and is climbing toward the goal. Her work and standing as a student need no comment, for we have seen and admired her pictures, heard and praised her readings, and listened while she spoke, for we knew her words were of sound wisdom.

Secretary, Y. W. C. A., '14; Artist, Harveyan.





Seniors

GLADYS JENISE HARPER.
Russellville, West Virginia.

"Gloddie." Normal.

"Persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible."

Gladys is of a quiet and unassuming disposition, and she goes about her work so studiously that there isn't any reason why she should dread the revelation of the big book in the president's office. She is an ardent worker in the Pierian Literary Society, and her productions there are of such a nature as to justify the prophecy of a literary career, were it not for her success with the "model kids." However, the indications are that she will become a successful wielder of the birch twig, provided some man, who cares nothing for the progress of education, does not rule otherwise. Of her ambition we have not spoken; heretofore it has been a diploma; but that day is no longer. If her thoughts follow the line of least resistance, which is for a normal senior, teaching, the state may profit by it.

Class prophet.



EVA GEORGE HOPKINS.
Danville, West Virginia.

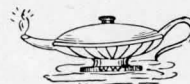
"Hoppy." Normal.

"To be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry hour."

No one is ever blue, when Eva is around, for with her comes the sunshine. During her stay among us she had gladdened many, many weary hours by her bright smiles and funny stories. In music she excels; for her work along this line is known and appreciated by all who have heard her. Senior privileges come but once and her perseverance and years of waiting "Hoppy" has earned them. Her ambition is to be a trained nurse and live in single blessedness. She is sure to succeed in anything she undertakes, but—be careful "Hoppy," not many people can resist your sunny disposition.

"Joke Editor Harveyan."





Seniors



JULIA MINA MALLORY.

St. Albans, West Virginia.

"Judy."

Normal.

*"Of disposition gentle, of wisdom
surpassing."*

Julia is one who knows the value of study for she is very studious. This is her first year at M. H. C., but because of her ability to do much work in little time she belongs to the class of '14. Julia is very poetical as one who is so gentle and loving should be. Of her work in the Model School there is no use for us to speak, for she would rather teach eighth grade than do anything else. Julia is so good that it is quite natural for her to love good people and good people to love her. We predict a happy future for Julia and in making calls as a minister's wife she will carry much sunshine.

"Class Poet."

EMMA MYRTLE KRAUS.

Thayer, West Virginia.

"Tiny."

Normal.

*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."*

Myrtle is the one of the perpetual smile. She is one of the deepest thinkers of the class and one of the most industrious. Her note-books are marvels of neatness, her lessons, of perfection; hence, examinations do not entail for her nights and days of suspense and dread. Because of her bright, helpful, and sunny disposition, she is liked by the whole school. Children instinctively love her, and there is no doubt that she will some day become one of the state's best school-teachers, if something does not occur to turn her interests from pedagogy to "home economics." As yet she seems "heart-whole and fancy-free," but—well, one can't always sometimes tell.

Calendar Harveyan, '14; Essayist,
Pierian,-Phi Delta Contest, '14.





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Seniors

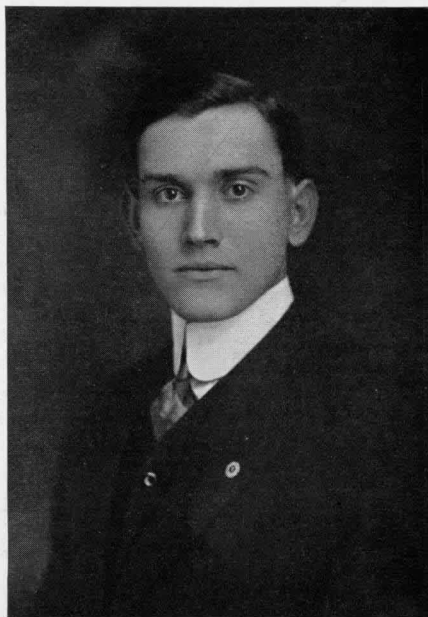
HERBERT HAMPTON PHELPS.
West Alton, Missouri.

"Hi-Pockets." Normal.

*"All the courses of my life do show I am
not in the roll of common men."*

The Apollo of the class is "Hi-Pockets." It has been a cause of continual wonder to us that no lady of our number has budded into a poetical genius through writing odes to his eyebrows. He started with us several years ago, then broke away for a time, but finally came back to finish; being unable longer to resist the lure of our class and school. Right glad we are to number him among us, for he is a most agreeable fellow. "Hi" works so regularly and consistently that he stands somewhat in danger of being termed a "grind." We doubt not that he will be eminently successful in whatever field of activity he decides to use his talents.

Football, '08, '09, and '10; Vice-President Pierians, '11; Athletic Editor Harveyan, '14.



GLENN GUYNETH OSBORNE.
Griffithsville, West Virginia.

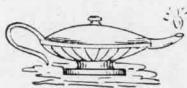
"Glenn." Normal.

*"Women will love her that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men that she is
The rarest of all women."*

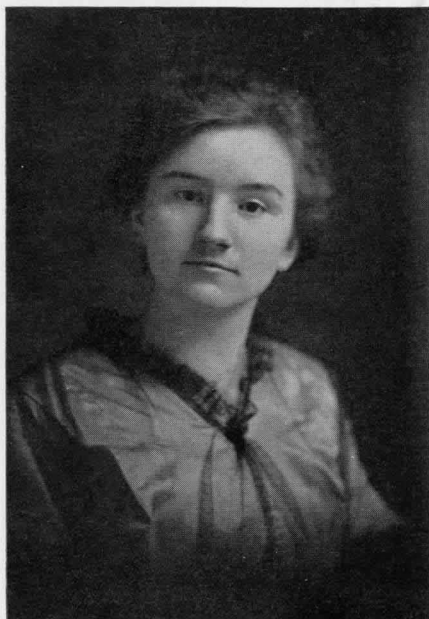
"Glenn" is the class model; gentle, refined, and agreeable. One, whose happy smile and gracious manner toward all have won for her the love and esteem of numberless friends. "Glenn" is a good student and has the happy faculty of doing many things well. She is indispensable to athletics, being the greatest source of inspiration to the "biggest part" of the football, basketball, and baseball teams. She has a great horror of "exams," but her fears always prove groundless. She has distinguished herself in the Phi Delta Literary Society and is also a brilliant "star" on the girl's basketball team.

Secretary, Phi Delta, '12, '13, '14;
Basketball, '12, '13.





Seniors



CLARA GRACE MAXWELL,
Barboursville, West Virginia.

"Gracie," "Lefty." Normal.

*"And those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of
honor."*

The "writeup" editor has experienced great difficulty in doing justice to "Gracie." Words are so inadequate! "Lefty" or "Gracie," if you prefer, has been heard to give as her motto, "Well, I am not fair, therefore I pray the gods make me honest." We pronounce such a motto to be grave evidence of bad judgment, for she is far from being the opposite of fair, and the gods have already blessed her with an abundance of honesty. She may be described as charming, sympathetic, energetic, ambitious, and intellectual. Grace is an invaluable member of the Pierian Literary Society, never misses or is ever late at a class, and enjoys the reputation of being called by the Model School pupils, the "crosses" of the practice teachers.

Secretary Pierians, '13; Associate Editor Harveyan, '14; Secretary Pierians, '14.

ELBERT MARTIN FULTON,
Danville, West Virginia.

"Brown." Normal.

*"His life is gentle and the elements so mix'd
in him that nature may stand up and
say to all the world, 'This is a man.'"*

"Brown" is a man of many excellent qualities. He has been in the school five years and during that time has been identified with every activity of the college that merited support. In all departments of athletics his work has been of the highest order; in society and Y. M. C. A. he has been most energetic; by excellent work in his classes he has won the reputation of being one of the best students in our school.

Baseball, '10, '11, '12, '13 and '14; Football, '11, '12 and '13; Basketball, '12, '13 and '14; Track Team, '13 and '14; Vice-President Pierians, '13, President, '14; Secretary Y. M. C. A., '12, Vice-President, '14; President Junior Class, '13; Vice-President Senior Class; Harveyan Staff, '14; Orator Pierian-Phi Delta Contest, '14.





Seniors

WATT STEWART.

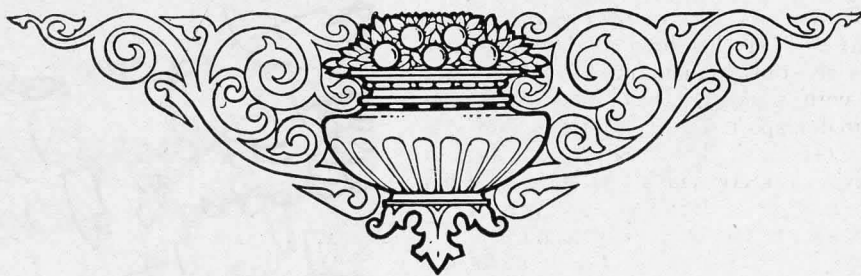
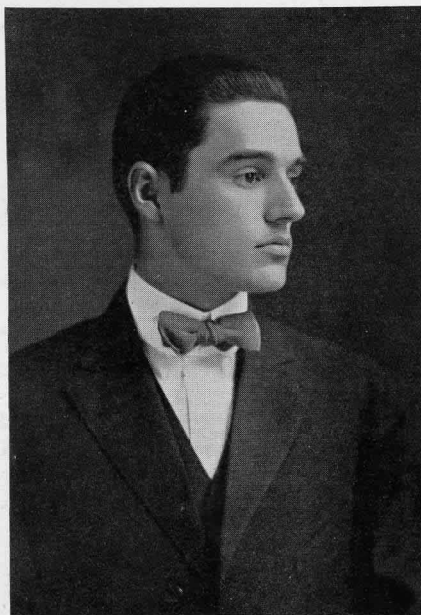
Summersville, West Virginia.

"Hoot." Normal.

"He sits high in all people's hearts."

"Hoot" is the pride of the class. A man energetic, upright, and noble, he stands always first in all he undertakes. He has the reputation of being the best student in school and his grades substantiate the accusation. He has also made enviable records, in many departments of athletics, and has taken a leading part in both the Literary Society and the Y. M. C. A. In "Hoot's" fertile brain have originated many of the progressive movements of the school. His chief failing is society and he is a regular caller at Rose Harvey Hall. Surely he is a coming light in the world of literature.

Vice-President Pierians, '12, President, '12-'13; Essayist Pierian-Phi Delta Contest, '13; Vice-President Junior Class, '13; Business Manager Harveyan, '14; Football, '12-'13; Track Team, '13-'14; President Senior Class.





THE HARVEYAN



Special Seniors

OFFICERS

LUCILE LAND	President
EFFIE HOLTON	Vice-President
MARY McCLUNG	Secretary and Treasurer
MRS. W. W. ALDERMAN	Sponsor

MOTTO: Let us create, not imitate

COLORS: Violet and White

FLOWER: Violets

CLASS ROLL

Mary McClung	Virginia Mitchell
Irma King	Effie Holton
June Smith	Glenna Osborne
Lucile Land	



MISS LAND.
Expression.



THE ARVEAN



Special Seniors

MISS KING.

Piano.



MISS SMITH.

Expression.



THE ARVEAN



Special Seniors



MISS MITCHELL.
Expression.



MISS McCLUNG.
Expression.



THE HARVEYAN



Class Poem

JULIA MALLORY.

We, the class of 1914,
Are about to part forever,
But the ties of friendship,
No lapse of time can sever.

A band of eleven tried and true,
Courageous, brave, and daring,
For many moons we've plodded on
And never once despairing.

The way 's been rugged, oft times rough,
With joy we view it past,
For now we'll reap our just reward—
We've reached the goal at last.

With mingled pride and pleasure,
Mid showers of falling tears,
Back to the mind sweet memories come,
Of hopes, of doubts, of fears.

For we have been a loyal band,
Bound by love together,
We've plied our hearts and hands as one
In every true endeavor.

We've fought a good fight, finished our course,
As Paul of old did say,
And have kept the faith to win the prize,
Sought for many a day.

And at the end before we part
Let's pledge again anew
Our lives to old Morris Harvey,
With love, steadfast and true.

Let this pledge be a sweet reminder,
Of the days of 1914,
To which our hearts in after years
Will often go unseen.

Let's place it with our treasures,
The things we hold most dear,
Keep it in sacred memory,
Of our last school days here.



Senior Class Valedictory

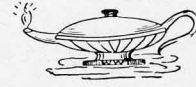
WATT STEWART.

FRIENDS, as we, the class of '14 appear before you to-day, each of us is saddened by the thought that this is probably the last time he will have an opportunity of participating as a student in any of the activities of Morris Harvey College. We have each at last come to a full realization of what commencement truly means. During the long, work-filled years of our past school-life here we have ever been looking forward to the time when we, as Seniors, should finish our course and go out to face the problems of life in earnest. We have often speculated on what a pleasant thing it would be to graduate and have imagined how joyous we should be when the anticipated day of graduation would come. But now that it has arrived, the expected joy fails to come with it. Reflecting on the fact that we shall not again enter these halls as students we forget all the trials of a student's life, and remembering only that our years in dear, old Morris Harvey have been happy ones, we feel that we could desire nothing better than that we might continue here. With the thought of leaving Morris Harvey is associated the thought of leaving our instructors, who have been so patient with us in our imperfections. Recalling their many kindnesses and their ever ready and free helpfulness, we are filled with the deepest regret at bidding them adieu, since we know that their lives have made upon our characters an impress that will never lose its distinctness and power. For our Alma Mater we have a spirit of loyalty and love, and for our instructors one of greatest respect and deepest esteem. If it were possible to do so, we should wish to remain here the remainder of our lives leading the happy, joyful existence that only college students know.

But this we realize cannot be. Nothing is static; the whole universe, urged on by the eternal push of life, is constantly changing, and we, being parts of it, must also change, both in our activities and in our environments. The world is full of wrongs to be righted, of insistent wants to be satisfied, and it is expected of us that we should go forth in sincerity and earnestness and lend our powers to the righting and satisfying of them.

As we, the class of '14, go out from these college halls to take up the sober tasks of life, let us go with the determination deep-rooted in our souls of developing such a character, such an individuality, that our friends, our state, our nation, may be better because of our having spent in this insistent world, the narrow span of our short lives.

One to-day takes up a current magazine and turns the leaves: he comes across articles discussing such questions as these: How shall we solve the race problem? How is the vice question to be answered? Is the church losing its power? How shall we provide for the education of the children of the lower classes? What causes the conditions responsible for the asking of such questions? If we trace the lines of result back to the fountain-head, the cause, we find it in all these cases, unquestionably, to be that spirit of selfishness and narrowness that is so often the strongest characteristic of the individual.



In discussions of social conditions and social interests we often come across the phrases, "the moral sense of the community," "the public will," "public conscience." Such terms seem to imply the existence of a vague, indefinable mind or conscience in society apart from the individual, which is capable of dictating the movements of society as a whole. Is there in reality such a social mind, or are these terms mere figures of speech? Is society a great being, more powerful and more intelligent than any of its individual members, or do we merely personify it in a rhetorical sense? Certainly the latter. We have no reason whatever to suppose society to be a great being conscious of itself through some mysterious, intangible process of thinking, separate and distinct from the thinking that goes on in the brains of men. We can accept no such idea. Every society is the summation of its individuals; its conscience can be nothing more than the combined consciences of its members. Therefore we are led unerringly to the individual as the unit of society.

Every nation, every state, even smaller divisions of government, have their legislative bodies which pass laws in vain attempts to bring about social reforms. No great reform can be successfully carried through until society is prepared for it. Since society is composed of individuals, we see there can be no reform in society apart from reform of the individual.

In regard to the question as to how social problems may be solved and society uplifted, we have stated that it may be done by bettering and uplifting the individuals that compose society. But now we must face the question of how the individual may be uplifted. We answer this by saying he may be uplifted by the influence upon his life of a broad-minded, sympathetic, Christ-like spirit in his associates.

This influence may be exerted by the business man as he goes about his daily work, by the mother and father as they mould and shape the plastic minds of their children, by the teacher who each day sheds the influence of his life on the pupils with whom he is associated. Such an influence may be exerted by each member of the class of '14. He who, by his influence on a fellowman leads him from a life of selfishness and narrowness to one of beauty surcharged with the highest, truest altruism, has done society a greater good than can be put into words. For this man who has been influenced may and no doubt will, influence others, these in their turn will leave the impress of their lives on still others, and so on, ad infinitum. When one thinks of the good one true man may effect in a lifetime it seems stupendous. Fellow students of the class of '14, let us be men and women of noble character and dynamic power that we may leave, not footprints on the cold, indifferent sands of time, but character imprints on the warm, throbbing souls of men.

Every college man when he is first out of school wants to do something big, something that will set the world on fire, but he soon finds this mundane sphere to be made of such material that it cannot be set ablaze by the efforts of one person. Although one may not be able to change the world in his generation, he may yet do something that will go ringing down through the coming centuries enriching the lives of unnumbered thousands. In this connection we think of St. Paul, Shakespeare, Beethoven. Perhaps we cannot do such things as did they, because our capabilities are not sufficient, but if we will we can each put forth as great an effort as did any of them.

Let us think of another and humbler type of individuals who have influenced mankind. What of Ruth, the daughter-in-law of Naomi? She probably did not think she was doing anything especially worthy of attention, yet her life has come down to us as one of the most beautiful examples it is possible to find of love, tender-



THE HARVEIAN

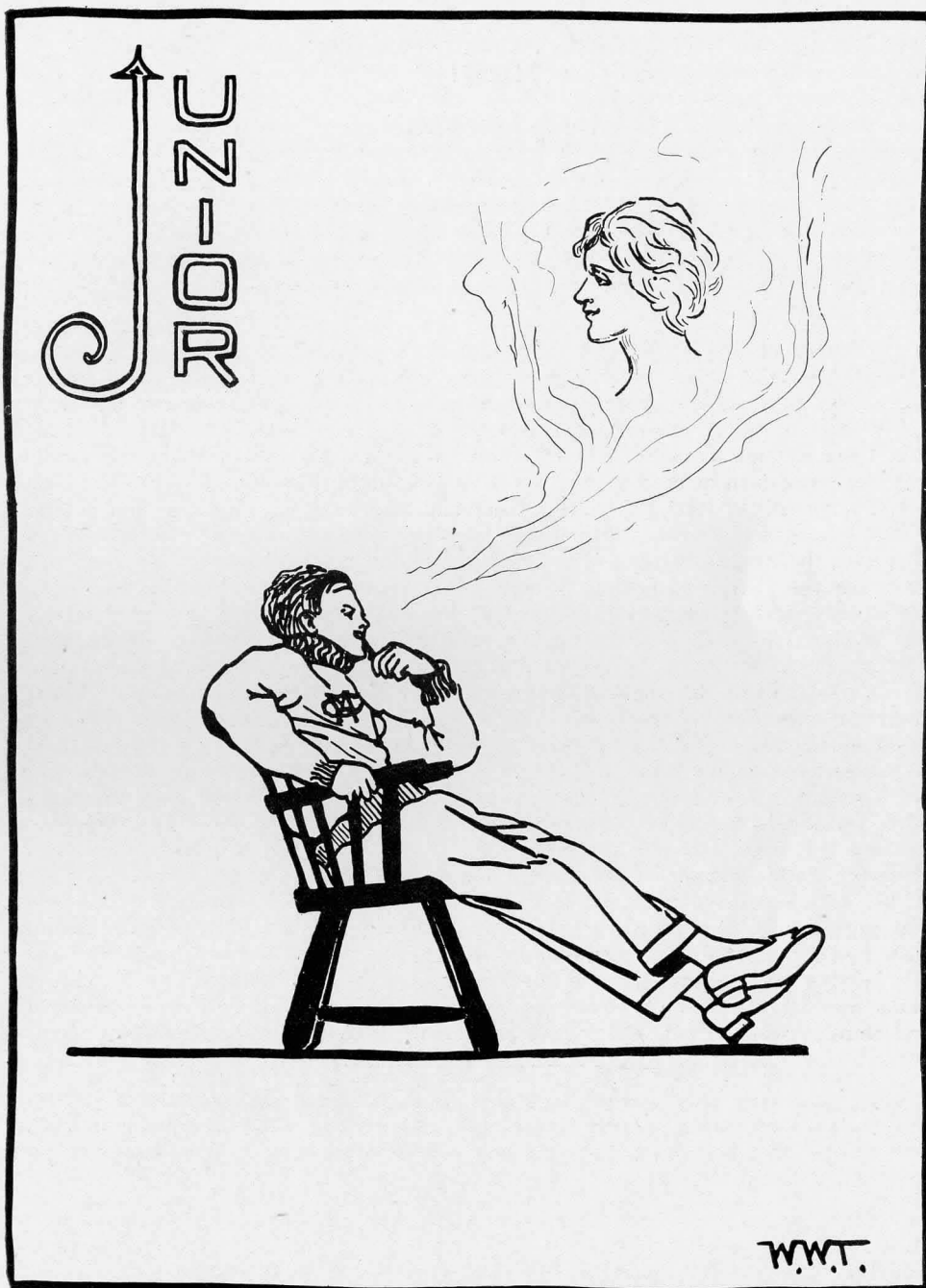


ness, and devotion. What of Robert Raikes, the man who, through his sympathy and compassion for the ignorant and unreligious children of London's lower classes established the first Sunday school? He possibly did not think of the enormous proportions the movement started by him would assume. Yet can we begin to estimate its immeasurable influence for good? What of Florence Nightingale, who so nobly sacrificed herself for the sake of the wounded and dying of the terrible Crimean war? Her work was done from the fullness of a pure heart that loved humanity, and to-day when an example of self-sacrifice is needed, the mind instantly reverts to her. And so we find it always to be. A life given to the service of humanity never fails of bettering the conditions of humanity in some manner while it exists and is never forgotten by posterity.

When one is asked to give his life for the betterment of the masses he may ask himself, "Are the masses worth such sacrifice?" Work for society's sake is so often unappreciated that one is sometimes led to think he really has nothing that society wants. In the fear of being unappreciated, men of all ages have asked themselves, "Shall I invest my life for mankind whom I know may not only not appreciate my sacrifice but may even turn against me?" Those who have answered negatively have either been forgotten, or, like Nero, are remembered only for their selfishness and tyranny. Those who have answered affirmatively have never been forgotten, nor will ever be. They are the world's heroes. They have an abiding place in the heart of every lover of humanity. The most perfect example of the latter is the humble Nazarene. This ideal character of all ages, standing at the crossroads of the world's civilizations, having in his own hands a power capable of subjugating all the nations of the globe, holding within his grasp the keys to the vast treasures, the almost unbounded power of the monarchs of the earth, unhesitatingly gave his life for all humanity. Though from the outset of his labors persecution, revilings, and hardships were his lot, he never abandoned his ideal of service. This Omniscient Being considered a life of self-sacrifice of higher value than a conquest of the world's power and honors. The world-empire of Alexander has passed away, but the empire founded by the Son of Man yet stands and is ever increasing its bounds. With the world's examples of sacrifice before us and with the promptings to service in our own souls, shall we be doubtful of the outcome of a life spent for humanity? Let us not consider a life of service for the masses as a casting of pearls before swine. Though our own work may not be fully appreciated, yet there is no better proof that our pearls are genuine than to feel the tusks of the swine in our own flesh. Let us first be sure that we have real pearls then cast them with all our might. Though many of them may be trampled under foot and hidden for centuries, yet, know that real jewels are imperishable, and think how surprised future generations will be at finding pearls of price in the mire.

He who will keep continually in his mind the noble ideal of service and will direct all the courses of his life accordingly, will be able to exercise an uplifting influence over all whom his life touches and will do much toward eliminating the evils that now exist in society.

Class of '14, as we leave these halls let us take with us a supreme confidence in ourselves and in humanity, an unswerving trust in the final victory of right, an unwavering faith in our Maker, and devote our lives to service to man and thus to God.





THE ARVEAN



Junior Class of 1915

OFFICERS

POE COFFMAN	<i>President</i>
CLARENCE COON	<i>Vice-President</i>
EVA KEYSER	<i>Secretary</i>
AUDREY HOLLISTER	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS BERD ROBERT ALLEN	<i>Sponsor</i>

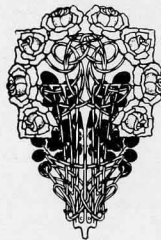
MOTTO: Boutez en Avant

CLASS FLOWER: Iris

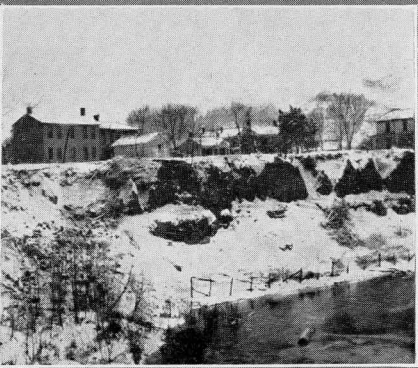
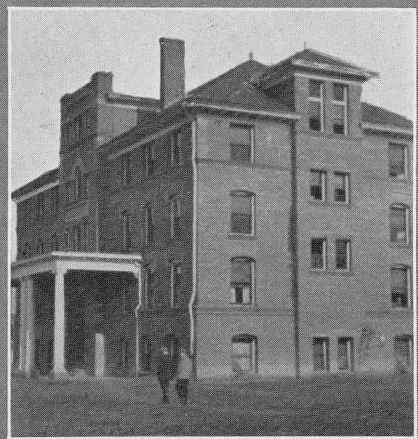
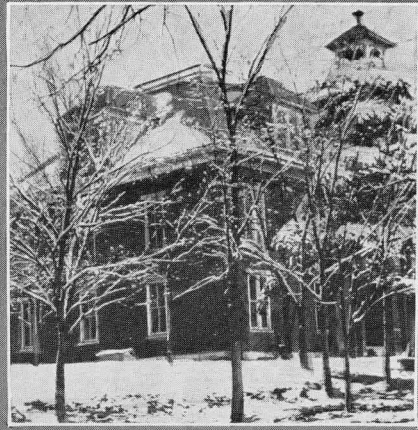
CLASS COLORS: Lavender and White

CLASS ROLL

Audrey Hollister	George Payne
Eva Keyser	Blake Strickler
Nelle McCutcheon	Charles Fulton
Marjorie Pfost	Herman Beckelheimer
Poe Coffman	Holly Osborne
Clarence Coon	Edgar Billups



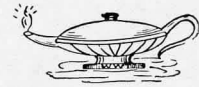




SOPHOMORE



W.W.T.



Sophomore

Class of 1916



OFFICERS

RUSSELL FRAZIER	<i>President</i>
CHARLES LAND	<i>Vice-President</i>
LUCILE LAND	<i>Secretary</i>
MARY McCLUNG	<i>Treasurer</i>
MISS MARY L. GINN	<i>Sponsor</i>

MOTTO: Non Quam Multum Sed Quam Bene

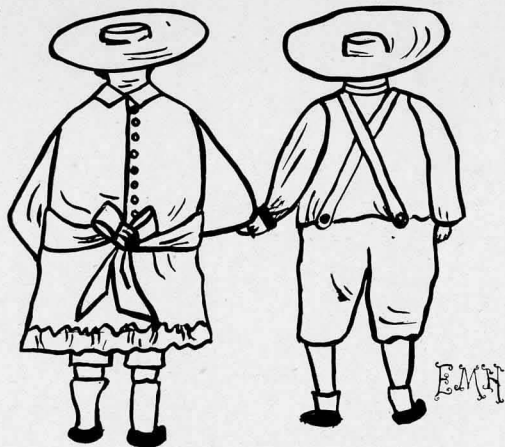
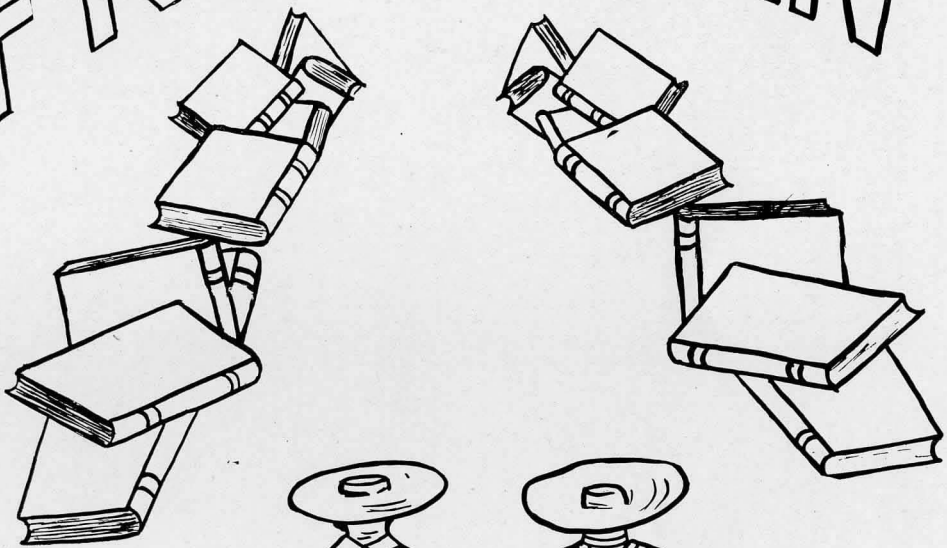
CLASS COLORS: Old Gold and Silver

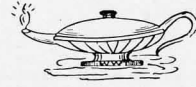
CLASS FLOWER: Mare'chal Niel Rose

CLASS ROLL

Helen Grubbs	Shirley Richmond
Charles Land	Lucile Land
Grace Yoak	Russell Frazier
Walter Holley	Mary McClung
	Bufford Fulton

FRESHMEN





Freshman

Class of 1917



OFFICERS

VIRGIL McELDOWNEY	<i>President</i>
DARRELL MORRISON	<i>Vice-President</i>
UNDINE McKINSTER	<i>Secretary</i>
HELEN OSBORNE	<i>Treasurer</i>
WALTER O. ROPP	<i>Sponsor</i>

MOTTO: Dum Vivimus, Vivamas

CLASS COLORS: Red and White

CLASS FLOWER: American Beauty Rose

CLASS ROLL

Virgil McEldowney	June Smith
Darrell Morrison	Mary Kilgore
Undine McKinster	John Yoak
Helen Osborne	Byron Wolcott
Ada Odell	Walter Walker
Alberta Heck	Claud Justice
Merle Miller	Oral Wilson

SUB



JECT

WWT



THE HARVEYAN



Sub-Freshman



OFFICERS

JACK LATTERNER	President
ANNA MARKHAM	Vice-President
URSA McCONIHAY	Secretary
HEBER KEATHLY	Treasurer
R. L. McCLUNG	Sponsor

MOTTO: We Begin to Finish

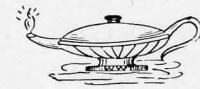
COLORS: Red and Green

FLOWER: Red Rose





THE ARVEYAN



Class Roll

Lloyd Lester	Robert Clark
Mary Evans	Paul Love
Theodore Kraus	Geraldine King
Amelia Love	John Heck
Howard Johnston	Daisy Dunlap
Ouida Midkiff	Russel Fowler
William Kyle	Ruby Perry
Anna Pennington	Paul Riley
Blair Saunders	Eva Neal
Daisy Pennington	Fuller Wolcott
Clifford Coon	Thelma Maeboon
Marie Mosser	Luther Whitman
Howard Conley	Helen Field
Susan Johnston	Roy Midkiff
Nellie Johnson	Pearl Perry
Connel Bolden	Clifford Adkins
Anna Markham	William Bolden
Frank Lester	Carl Berry
Virginia Reed	Hobart Ash
Charles Turley	Bernard Chambers
Rachel Hefner	Rollin Withrow
Heber Keathly	Harry Morris
Mabel Johnson	Jack Latterner
Frank Kyle	Isaac Richmond
Shirley McComas	Clark May
Carl Calvert	Elbert Smith
Arthur McDonald	George Pennington
Gordon Withrow	Fred Dunlap
Virginia Stafford	Robert Hatfield
Rex Berry	Perry Stout
Golden Land	Bruce Lambert
Lummie Stowasser	Ottie Donahoo
Alice Land	Howard Campbell
Shirley Richmond	Homer Cummins
Walter Jarvis	Trena Banks
Ursa McConihay	Erna Jarrell
Sallie Chambers	Roy Brosius
Margaret Anderson	Homer May



THE HARVEYAN



By the Guyardotte

A Morris Harvey College Song

Edward Ellsworth Hipscher
1911-1913

781.

Where the Guy-an-dotte lies, the
Here, from Blue Ridge rock-slopes, the
Join we now our voice to her

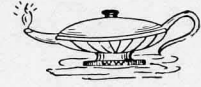
West- Vir-gin-a hills,
From these we see,
See hat-ing praise,
Where the moun-tain o-n-ide its
Daugh- ters fair have gath-ered from Ka-
May her name and fame grow bright-er

sweet - Est now see trelle,
na - who's charm-ing sea,
through the com-ing days,
Stands old Mor-ris Har-vey and with
Mor-shall with a fair-fare, that de-
Pledge us to her fam-ily, now, our

pre- our for-son fills, Hail to thee, our M H
great- id we'll shall be, At the halls of M H
loy- al hearti-al ways, Thine three cheers for M H C



THE HARVEYAN



By the Guyandotte - 2

Guy - an - dotte's blue wa - ter saves our Al - - ma Ma - ter;

How the heart grows light - er As our law - re's won be - light her;

Hail, our seat of knowl - edge, Mor - ris Har - ve - y col - lege!

Here's a health, {boys, girls,} to our dear old M. H. C.!



THE ARVEYAN



Un-Classified Students



Roll

Helen Wright

Corrinne Dempsey

Gladys Dempsey

Lois Greer

Sudie Heck

Irma King

Virginia Mitchell

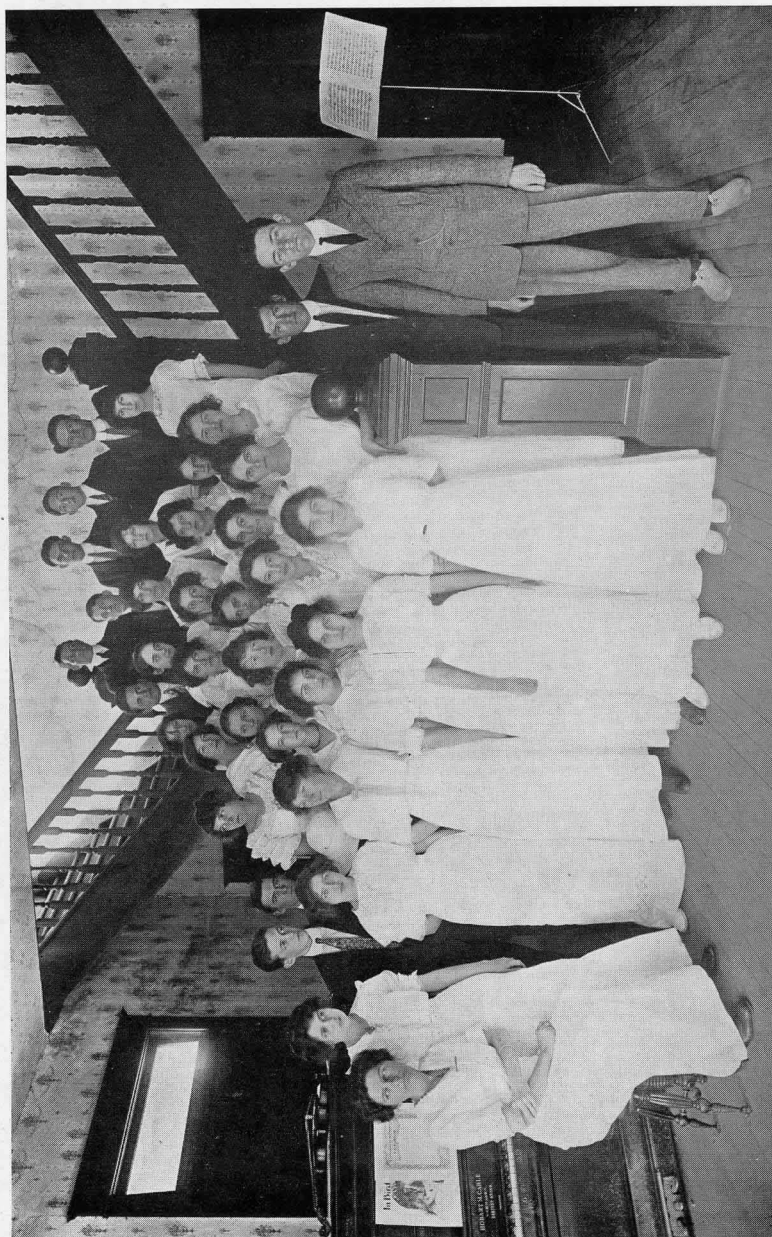
Lou Lombard

Mary McDermitt

Martha Bell

Nona Alderman





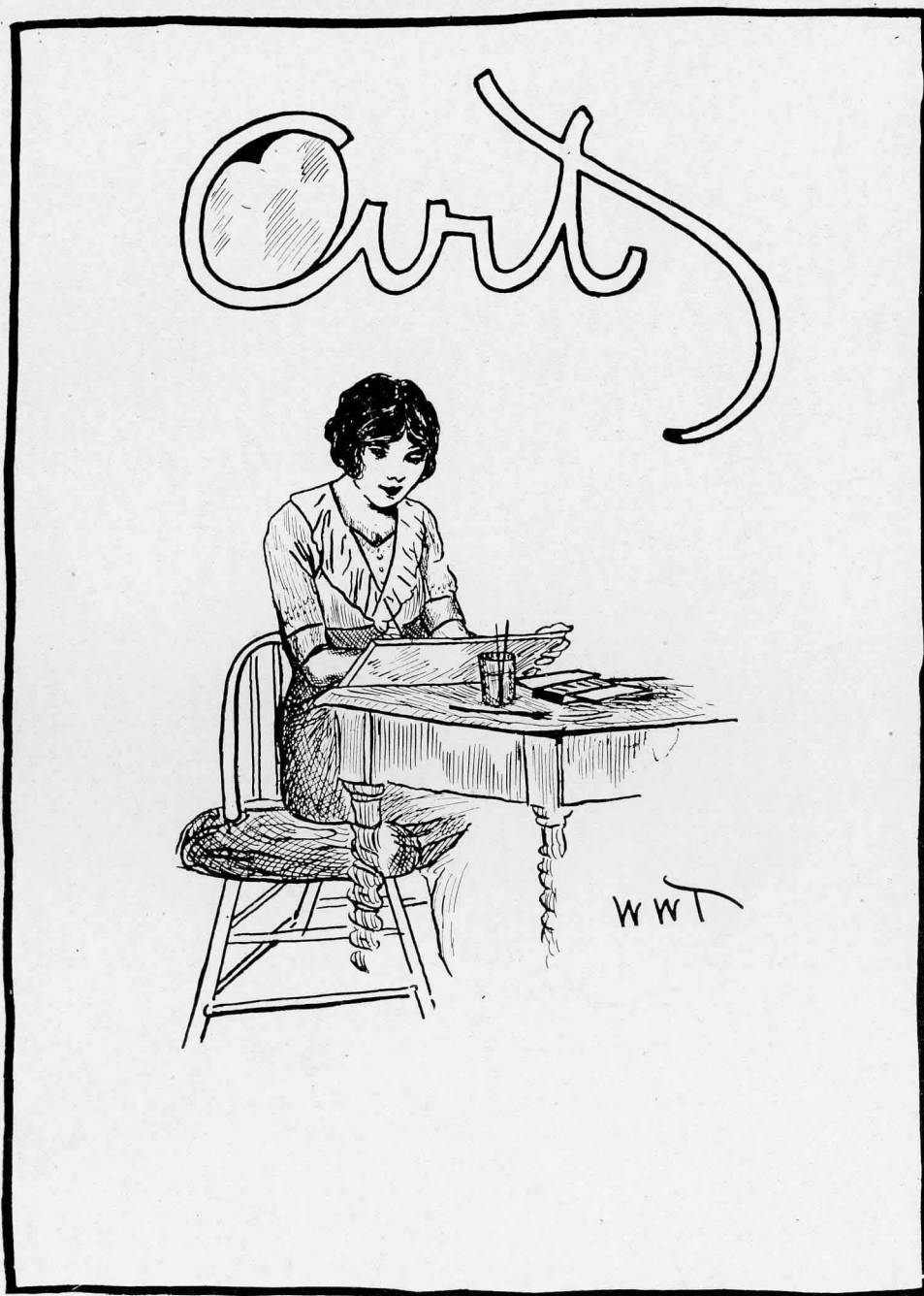


Musical Department

Alderman, Nona	Heffner, Effie	Miller, Merle
Anderson, Margaret	Heffner, Rachel	Mitchell, Virginia
Baker, Grace	Huddleston, Grayce	Morris, Harry
Bell, Martha	Hopkins, Eva	Morrison, Darrell
Bolden, Connell	Jimison, Nella	McConihay, Ursa
Bolden, William	Kesterson, Rebecca	McDermitt, Mary
Cawthorne, Elizabeth	Keyser, Eva	McDonald, Arthur
Campbell, Howard	Killgrove, Mary	McEldowney, Virgil
Chambers, Mabel	King, Geraldine	McKinster, Undine
Chambers, Sallie	King, Irma	O'Dell, Ada
Coffman, Poe	Land, Alice	Osborne, Helen
Conley, Howard	Land, Charles	Reed, Virginia
Dempsey, Corinne	Land, Golden	Ropp, Walter
Dempsey, Gladys	Land, Lucile	Russell, Mary
Dorsey, Lillian	Lombard, Lou	Smith, June
Frazier, Emma	Love, Amelia	Stout, Perry
Frye, Garnett	Markham, Anna	Whitman, Luther
Frye, Ruth	Meabon, Thelma	Wolcott, Byron
Garnes, Dulcea		

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

"Ode to St. Cecilia"—*Pope*.





Art Class



Roll

Corrinne Dempsey

Glenna Osborne

Effie Holton

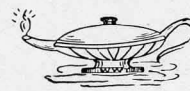
Mabel Chambers

Sallie Chambers

Eva Neal



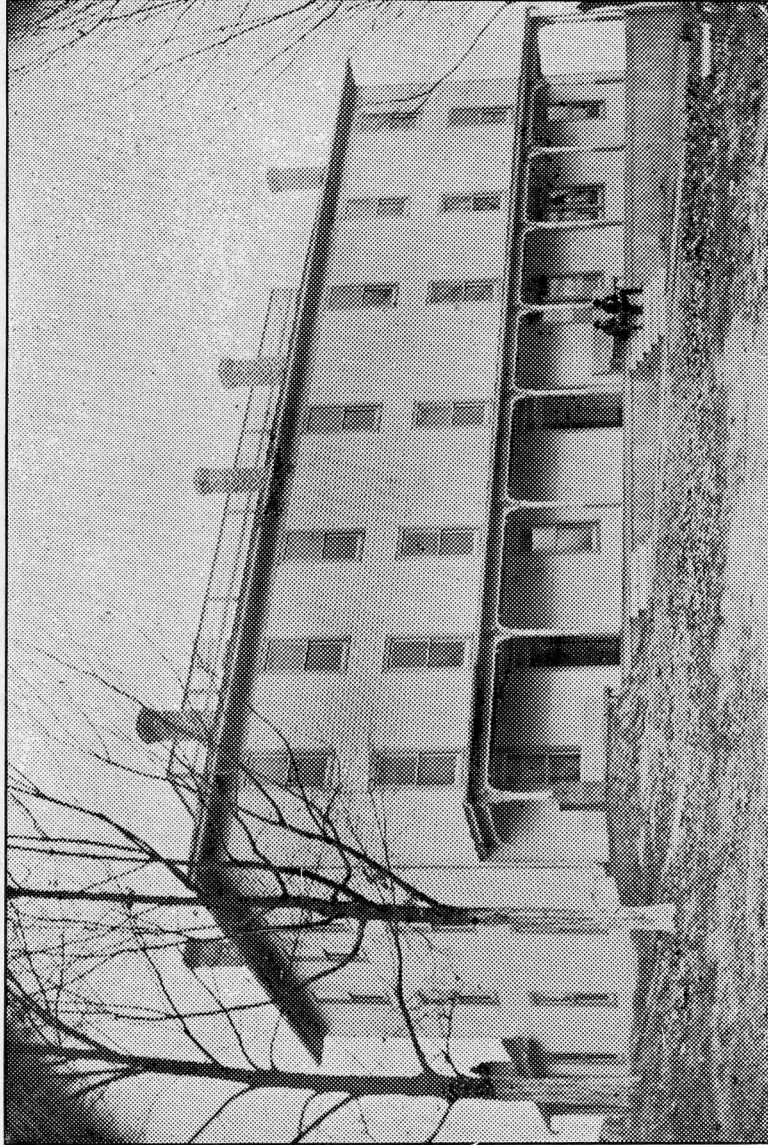
THE HARVEYAN



A Word from the President

There are many evidences of the great and lasting works of Morris Harvey College in the days gone by. The institution is entering a period of growth that will place it in the first division of the institutions of the state. With a united Conference, a host of friends, and a loyal body of Alumni scattered throughout the state, the College is destined to grow. Our present success demands new and larger Buildings and better equipment. This situation is being met by the Trustees and plans are now being worked out for a greater Morris Harvey.

The greatest asset of any institution of learning is a capable, loyal, and enthusiastic student body. This Morris Harvey is blessed with today as is evidenced in this, your first attempt at publishing an Annual, not for selfish purposes but to bring distinction and glory to your Alma Mater.



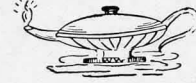
ROSA HARVEY HALL

COMMERCIAL





THE ARVEYAN



Commercial Class



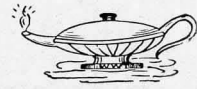
ROLL

Heber Keathly	Carl Calvert
Leland Asher	J. C. Bolden
Lonnie Stollings	Charles Fulton
Isaac Hall	Forest Thacker
George Pennington	Roy Midkiff
Russel Fowler	Louise Maupin
Blair Saunders	Robert Hatfield
Mabel Johnson	Lois Greer
Lummie Stowasser	Lou Lombard
Helen Wright	Riley Mullins
Nona Alderman	Mabel Garnes

DOMESTIC ART & SCI.



W W T



Domestic Science Class



ROLL

Grace Huddleston
Nona Alderman
Helen Osborne
Mabel Chambers
Ada Odell

Alberta Heck
Ursa McConihay
Eva Neal
Lou Lombard
Mabel Johnson





THE HARVEYAN



Domestic Art Class



ROLL

Lois Cooper

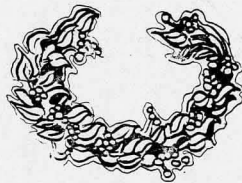
Eva Neal

Nona Alderman

Helen Osborne

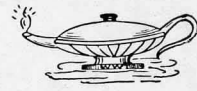
June Smith

Alberta Heck

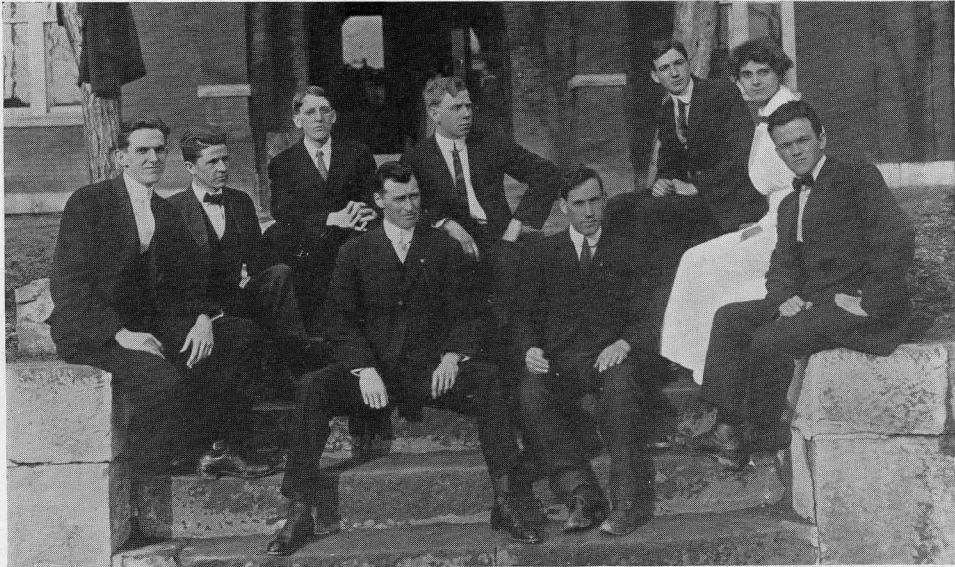




THE HARVEYAN



Ministerial Students and Volunteers



MINISTERIAL STUDENT ROLL

Luther Whitman
Isaac Richmond
Bruce Lambert

Rollin Withrow
Howard Conley

Perry Stout
Ottie Donahoo
Edgar P. Billups

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

Ada Odell

Roy Midkiff

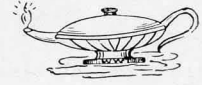
Russell Frayier



EXPRESSION



AM.



EXPRESSION ROLL

Mary McClung
Glenna Osborne
Lucile Land
June Smith
Effie Holten
Virginia Mitchell
Audrey Hollister
Thelma Holstein
Merle Miller

Sudie Heck
Nelle McCutcheon
Darrell Morrison
Shirley Richmond
Virginia Stafford
Margaret Anderson
Eva Neal
Lou Lombard
Ada Odell



A Short History of Morris Harvey College

IN THE year 1887 the seat of government of Cabell County was moved from Barboursville to Huntington. The late Dr. T. S. Wade, in the spring of 1888, gained the consent of the County Court to use the old court house and jail as the nucleus for the establishment of a school to be under the control of the M. E. Church, South, of West Virginia. The school was incorporated under the name of Barboursville Seminary, May 16th, 1888. This day is now annually observed as Founders' Day. Dr. Wade was elected the first president of the institution which opened for work September 20th, 1888. Although the enrollment the first year was small, it was early seen that the time was ripe for the establishment of such a school and that the founders had planned more wisely than they knew. Dr. Wade was untiring in his efforts to put the institution on a firm foundation. He served as president for two years and resigned to become field agent. In this work he aroused great interest in the school among the people of West Virginia. His name and memory will always be revered among the friends of the institution and his enthusiasm, indefatigable efforts and sacrifices will ever be an inspiration to those who labor for the upbuilding of the school in the future. Until his death a few years ago, the college was very dear to Dr. Wade and he was ever ready to lend a helping hand in times of adversity. Early in its history the name of the school was changed to Barboursville College.

In 1890, Dr. R. W. Douthat was elected president. Dr. Douthat was a man of large experience and ripe scholarship and was very instrumental in building up the prestige of the institution in its early history. He resigned in 1895 to accept the position of Professor of Languages at West Virginia University. He was succeeded by Dr. J. M. Boland, one of the most scholarly men in the Southern Methodist Church. Owing to ill health, Dr. Boland was compelled to give up the work about the middle of the year. Professor J. P. Marshall, who was then vice-president, was made president for the remainder of the year.

In 1896, Dr. T. C. Atkeson was elected president. He served one year and resigned to become Professor of Agriculture at West Virginia University. He was succeeded by Dr. Zephaniah Meek in 1897 who served one year. Dr. Meek rendered excellent services to the college and was always a great friend to it until the time of his death a few years ago.

Dr. S. F. McClung was elected president in 1898 and served two years. His efforts were mainly directed toward arousing interest in the college throughout the conference and making financial campaigns. In this he was very successful. Through his influence, a large number of friends were gained for the college and he was a powerful factor in bringing about the conditions under which the school enjoyed such prosperity in the years which have followed. Dr. McClung resigned in 1900 to become field agent for the college. Until his death in 1903, he was one of the most loyal supporters the institution has ever had.

He was succeeded by Professor D. W. Shaw, one of the most beloved men in West Virginia. It was under his administration that the college began her period of unprecedented growth and prosperity. A man of broad scholarship, wisdom, culture and influence, he was ideally suited for the position. He took charge of the institution at a time in her history when conditions demanded a strong man to meet the emergencies and place the school in a position to cope with the other institutions of the state.



THE HARVEYAN



How well he succeeded is attested by a recital of a few of his achievements and by the hundreds of students who enjoyed instruction under the guidance of this grand man. At the time of his succession, none of the modern improvements had been made on any part of the plant, and the proposition was by no means an attractive one. The enrollment was very small and the school was heavily in debt. Through his long service as a member of the House of Representatives of the state and as Speaker of that body, he had gained a large circle of influential friends and was a diplomat of the highest skill. Immediately upon his succession, the school began a period of prosperity that has been truly remarkable.

In the first year of Professor Shaw's administration, upon the solicitation of Rev. A. Lee Barret, then pastor of the M. E. Church, South, at Fayetteville, and afterwards financial agent for the college, Morris Harvey, the late wealthy coal operator of Fayette County, made a donation of one thousand dollars to reseal the college chapel. At the close of the year, he made a much larger donation which enabled the Board of Trustees to pay off all debts of the college and make other improvements. On account of the interest and munificence of that great hearted man, Morris Harvey, the name of the school was changed from Barboursville College to Morris Harvey College on May 27th, 1901. In the years 1902-3 and 1903-4, Morris Harvey made large donations. From these funds twenty-five thousand dollars was spent in remodeling the main building, refurnishing it, and adding apparatus to the laboratories; a large sum in building a new girls' dormitory and remodeling the music hall. In 1904-5, other donations were made from which water and electric light plants were erected and a large tract of land was purchased on which was begun the erection of the present boys' dormitory. Before his death, the donations of Morris Harvey amounted to more than sixty-five thousand dollars, which amount has been subsequently increased by his wife to nearly seventy-five thousand dollars.

By the year 1905-6, the enrollment of the college had been more than trebled during Professor Shaw's incumbency, athletics had been developed to a high standard and the school had taken high rank among the institutions of the state. He took charge of the school at a time when affairs were in an extremely bad condition, when the building up of the institution seemed almost a hopeless task. Through his patient, painstaking and persistent efforts, he found fruition of his labors in the great development of the school and most abundantly in the lives of hundreds of young men and women all over the state who stand ever ready to render homage and gratitude to this prince among men. It is the earnest wish and prayer of his thousands of friends and former students, a large number of whom are now scattered to the farthest bounds of our country, that he may spend the reclining days of his great, useful and noble life with the sweet memory that he has gained the everlasting gratitude of their united hosts and through them his benignant influences will be transmitted to the yet unborn generations. Great credit is due Mrs. Shaw for the able assistance she rendered during this period. On account of her untiring devotion to the school, her health was seriously impaired. Also great praise must be accorded Miss Maggie L. Thornburg who, for fourteen years previous to her death in 1902, had charge of the Music Department. Her loyalty and devotion have been unsurpassed in the history of the institution. In the spring of the year 1909, Professor Shaw tendered his resignation to the Board of Trustees which was very reluctantly accepted. For two years previous he had asked to be relieved, feeling that his own personal welfare and that of his wife demanded that he retire from public life.



THE HARVEY

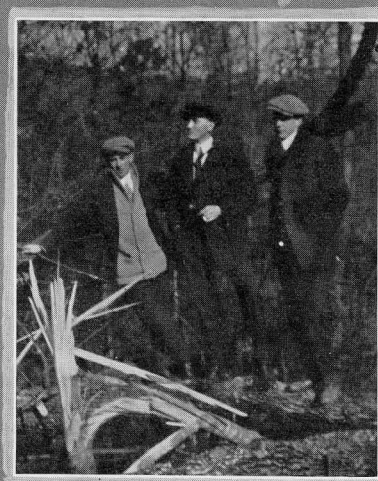
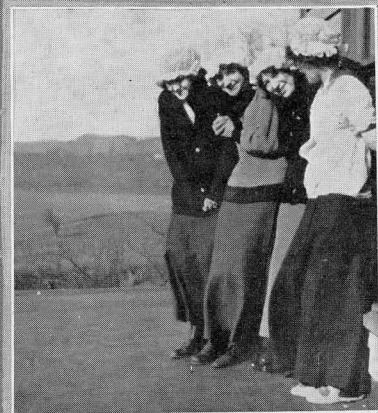


The Board of Trustees elected Professor R. H. Alderman, the present incumbent, to fill the vacancy. He assumed the arduous duties of the presidency in the summer of 1909. Of strong, virile personalty, of broad scholarship, culture and experience, he is a man excellently equipped for the position. He entered upon his work with the greatest enthusiasm and with energy almost unlimited. He is a man of keen intelligence, remarkable financial ability and a master of details. Under his able direction the school has made rapid advancement and every department developed to a high point of efficiency. At the beginning of his administration, the finances of the institution were in a straitened condition. In straightening out the financial tangles he has been eminently successful, and the school today is in better circumstances than it has been for many years. The school has gained the attention and interest of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and from it the school now has excellent support. At present there is more interest in the college throughout the bounds of the Western Virginia Conference than has ever been before. The school has attained a rank in the forefront of the educational institutions of the state. Professor Alderman takes great interest in extending the influence of the college through his educational addresses throughout the conference and at the many educational meetings in this and other states. During his administration, the boys' dormitory has been completed and furnished at a cost of many thousands of dollars; the electric light plant has been rebuilt at a large expenditure and made a paying proposition and several buildings refurnished. The curriculum of the college has been raised and adjusted according to modern demands. Full credit is now given for work done at Morris Harvey by the best colleges and universities of the country. The faculty, composed of university trained men and women, has been doubled in the last five years and the enrollment of students largely increased. Modern ideas have been introduced in every department. The school year is now divided into two semesters and the plan of one session a day has been instituted. Morris Harvey is one of the best disciplined schools in the country. The department of athletics has been developed to a high degree of perfection and the athletic teams are now able to cope with the best colleges and universities of the country. The Alumni Association has reached a stage in its development that it is now one of the vital factors in the life of the institution.

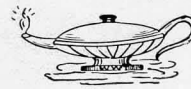
In the year 1912, Rev. R. T. Webb was elected Associate-President of the college. He has charge of the classes in Bible. Every student is required to enroll in one of the classes which are conducted once a week. His special homiletic classes for the young ministers are very popular with those students. He is a powerful factor in the religious welfare of the institution.

At the last Annual Conference, Rev. U. V. W. Darlington was appointed financial agent for the college and is now engaged in raising a one hundred thousand dollar endowment fund and is having excellent success.

We predict a great future for Morris Harvey College. With the dawn of a new era in West Virginia; with the unlimited and yet undeveloped natural resources of the state; the awakened interest in education; the growing influence of the Southern Methodist Church in the state; and the increasing number of loyal alumni, we feel that our most sanguine expectations will be realized at no distant future.







Phi Delta Literary Society

OFFICERS

First Semester

EDGAR P. BILLUPS . . . President
LEROY M. REID . . . Vice-President
GLENNA OSBORNE . . . Secretary
LILLIAN DORSEY . . . Pianist
HOWARD CONLEY . . . Chaplain
HARRY MORRIS . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

Second Semester

EDGAR P. BILLUPS . . . President
HOWARD CONLEY . . . Vice-President
GLENNA OSBORNE . . . Secretary
IRMA KING . . . Pianist
ROLLIN WITHROW . . . Chaplain
CHAS. LAND . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Edgar P. Billups
Leroy Reid
John Yoak
Marjorie Pfost
Irma King
Helen Osborne
Anna Markham
Tot Blackwood
Grayce Huddleston
June Smith
Marry Kilgore
Emma Frazier
Nellie Johnson
Mabel Johnson
Eva Neal
Grace Yoak
Ada Odell
Eva Hopkins
Julia Mallory
Pearl Osborne
Nellie McCutcheon
Daisy McCutcheon

Eliza Merritt
Geraldine King
Lucile Land
Alice Land
Charles Land
Golden Land
Clark May
Harry Morris
Leland Asher
Carl Berry
Rex Berry
Rollin Withrow
Howard Conley
Helen Field
Virginia Mitchell
Mary McClung
Thelma Holstein
Paul Love
Lou Lombard
Bernard Osborne
Walter Jarvis
Harry Baker

Isaac Hall
Walter Walker
Wayne Hays
Lillian Dorsey
George Pennington
Lawrence Russell
W. M. Potts
Amelia Love
Sallie Chambers
Jack Latterner
Audrey Hollister
Elizabeth Cawthorne
Ora Moore
Virginia Reid
Garnet Fry
Ruth Fry
Corrinne Dempsey
Gladys Dempsey
B. B. Lambert
Ottie Donahoo
Lummie Stowasser
William Benton





History of Phi Delta Literary Society

NOT long after Morris Harvey College was founded the Franklin and Irving Literary Societies were organized. The Franklin for boys, the Irving, for girls. These organizations flourished until 1902 when it was found necessary to make a change by having Societies with memberships composed of both boys and girls. Two new Societies were organized, the Pierian and Phi Delta.

The first step towards organization was the appointment of two leaders, who should equally divide the student-body, employing the same method as used by small boys in choosing up for a game of baseball. Thus the Phi Delta Literary Society came into existence under the able leadership of Carl Peck.

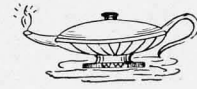
Following this was the election of officers. The honor of being first president was bestowed upon R. L. McClung, now Professor of Latin in Morris Harvey College. The growth and progress of the Society shows that wisdom was used in choosing its Motto: "*Excelsior.*" The naming of the Society was left to the President, who selected the name Phi Delta, both on account of the high sounding Greek letters and its significance in meaning, "Fidelity."

Under the leadership of Mr. McClung, the Society was very prosperous and by the end of the school year was well prepared to compete with its sister society, the Pierian, in the annual contest. As is still the custom, a debater, an orator, essayist, and reader were chosen to represent the interests of the Phi Delta Society. Those who entered the contest were: Carl Peck, debate; R. L. McClung, oration; Glenna Powers, essay; and Lottie Kitchen, reading. That they did their work well is shown by the outcome of the hard fought contest, which resulted in a glorious victory for the Phi Delta Society.

Although the work of the Society has been chiefly along the Literary line, much has been accomplished in music and expression. Each year there have always been a few who possessed literary talent and were, fully able to represent the Society in the contest. The Society had made a specialty of winning contests, having won eight out of eleven.

The past year has been one of the best in the history of the Society. A great many new members, who have proven a great help to the Society, have been taken in. Many good programs have been rendered, which were instructive from a literary standpoint, and at the same time, entertaining. The spirit of loyalty has prevailed, and, all in all, the Society has had a great year.

Many men who are now holding positions of prominence in this, and in other states, have been turned out by the Phi Delta Society. Some who are worthy of mention are: R. L. McClung, Professor of Latin, Morris Harvey College; J. Carl Peck, Lawyer, Lynchburg, Va.; W. R. Shaw, Editor Parkersburg Dispatch News, Parkersburg, W. Va.; T. J. Hopson, Minister, Ashland, Ky.; and R. J. Yoak, Minister, Davis, W. Va. Some of the present members give promise of a bright career, and, it is certain that in the future many members will file from its ranks who are equally as great as those who have gone before.



History of Pierian Literary Society

If we trace the origin of the Pierian Literary Society we will find that it had the same beginning as that of the Phi Delta Society, having begun in 1902 when the Franklin and Irving Literary Societies were disbanded and new Societies organized. When the time came to equally divide the student body, Mr. Leslie Bayless was selected to choose members for the Pierian Society, taking his turn with the leader of the other Society.

After the members had been chosen, the election of officers took place. Mr. Leslie Bayless, now editor of Charleston Gazette, was given the honor of being the first president. "*Nil desperandum*" was chosen for the Motto. The naming of the Society was left to the President, who after much thought and consideration gave it the name Pierian. This denotes the mythological Spring of knowledge, about which Alexander Pope wrote those often quoted lines :

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

My Bayless proved to be an efficient leader, and during his leadership the Society made rapid progress, especially along the literary line. At this time debating flourished and oratory was at its height. When the time came for the contest, the Pierians were well trained. The following were the entrants for the first contest: Debate, Leslie Bayless; Oration, Princess Turner; Essay, Blain Shaw; Reading, Lula Kitchen. These went into the contest with much confidence and determination. Although it was not for them to win, they showed their true worth both to their School and to their Society by being able to stand defeat in the noble manner in which they did.

The work of this Society has not been merely to render musical programs for entertainment, but to render programs for developing its literary talent. Especially oratory and debating have flourished. Some of the greatest literary scholars that Morris Harvey has turned out, received their training in the Pierian Literary Society. While the Pierians have not won their share of the contests, they deserve much credit for those they have won, having completely blanked their opponents in one contest.

The past year has been a very great one for the Society. Many new members, who have proven themselves efficient workers, have been added to her ranks. All the programs rendered have been instructive, inspiring, and entertaining. Indeed, the past year is looked upon as one of the best years in her history.

During the few years of her existence, the Society has sent forth many who are filling positions of trust and are making for themselves a successful career. The following are just a few of those: Leslie Bayless, Editor Charleston Gazette; Guy Coffman, Minister, Logan, W. Va.; H. V. Bennett, Minister, Glenville, W. Va.; Walter Hallanan, Secretary to Governor Hatfield; D. Blain Shaw, Real Estate Dealer, Barboursville, W. Va.; H. F. Toothman, Farrington, W. Va.; J. J. McKinnon, Minister, Eastbank, W. Va. In the future may many be seen filing from her ranks, of whom the Society may justly be proud.



Perian Literary Society

OFFICERS

First Semester

ELBERT FULTON President
CLARENCE COON . . . Vice-President
LUCY MEADOR Secretary
CHAS. FULTON Treasurer
NONA ALDERMAN Pianist
WATT STEWART Chaplain
CARL CALVERT . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

Second Semester

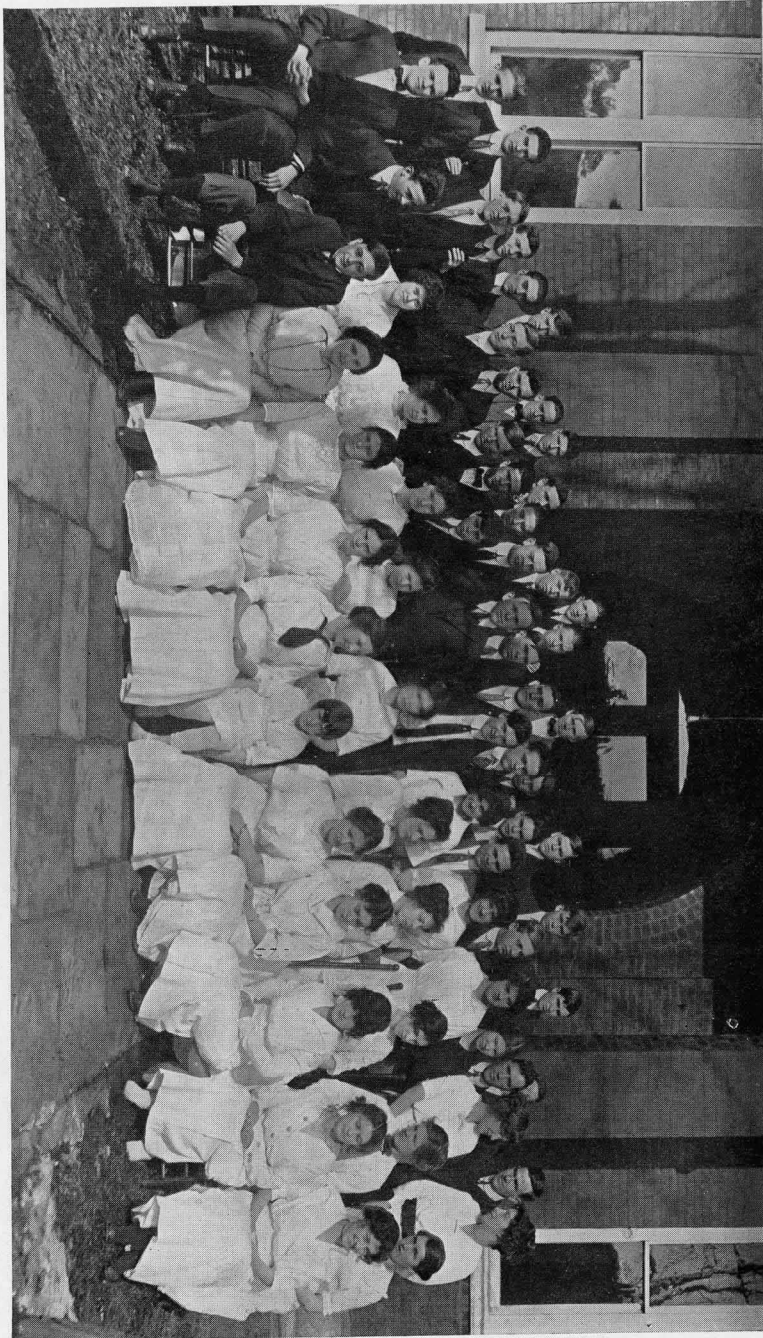
POE COFFMAN President
HERBERT PHELPS . . . Vice-President
GRACE MAXWELL Secretary
HERMAN BECKELHEIMER . Treasurer
DULCEA GARNES Pianist
LUTHER WHITMAN Chaplain
OKEY TAYLOR . . . Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Chas. Fulton
Watt Stewart
Grace Maxwell
Blanch Smith
Elbert Fulton
Herman Beckelheimer
Okey Taylor
Poe Coffman
Clarence Coon
Holly Osborne
Lois Greer
Lucy Meador
Walter Holly
Isaac Richmond
Arthur McDonald
Chas. Turley
Clifford Coon
Lonnie Stollings
Con Bolden
Bufford Fulton
Carr Carter
Sudie Greer
Thelma Meabon
Frank Lester
Loyd Lester
Robert Clark
Blake Strickler
Don Miller
Carl Calvert
Eva Keyser
Daisy Pennington
Anna Pennington

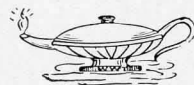
May Evans
Lois Cooper
Mabel Chambers
Dulcea Garnes
Nona Alderman
Ouida Midkiff
Myrtle Kraus
Gladys Harper
Forest Thacker
Effie Holten
Heber Keathly
Byron Wolcott
Virgil McEldowney
Lindsay Snodgrass
Martha Bell
Marie Mosser
Ursa McConihay
Billie Bolden
John Heck
Ruby Perry
Undine McKinster
Helen Wright
Russell Frazier
George Lewis Payne
Merle Miller
Sudie Heck
Roy Midkiff
Virginia Stafford
Susan Johnston
Fuller Wolcott
Darrell Morrison
Theodore Kraus

Paul Riley
Howard Johnston
Kathryn King
Oral Wilson
Alberta Heck
Rachel Hefner
Helen Grubbs
Winnie Dingess
Shirley McComas
Grace Baker
Mary Russell
Trenna Banks
Herbert Phelps
Gladys Hays
Mary Douglass
Burns Chambers
Wirt Turner
Mary McDermitt
Perry Stout
Luther Whitman
Rabecca Kesterson
Gordon Withrow
Nellie Jameson
Robert Hatfield
Mabel Garnes
Edith Jarrell
Erna Jarrell
Roy Brosius
Kenneth Chenoweth
Homer May
Leslie McGinnis
Wirt Turner





THE HARVEYAN



Y. W. C. A.

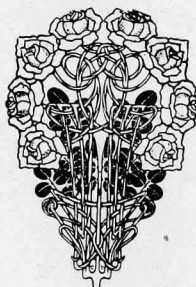
OFFICERS

GLENNA OSBORNE	President
ADA ODELL	Vice-President
VIRGINIA MITCHELL	Treasurer
EFFIE HOLTEN	Secretary

ROLL OF MEMBERS

Eva Hopkins	Lula Lombard
Nona Alderman	Grace Yoak
Irma King	Ursa McConihay
Audrey Hollister	Eva Neal
Helen Osborne	Anna Markham
Mary McClung	Julia Mallory
Tot Blackwood	Eva Keyser
June Smith	Merle Miller
Mabel Chambers	Myrtle Kraus

Sally Chambers







Y. M. C. A.

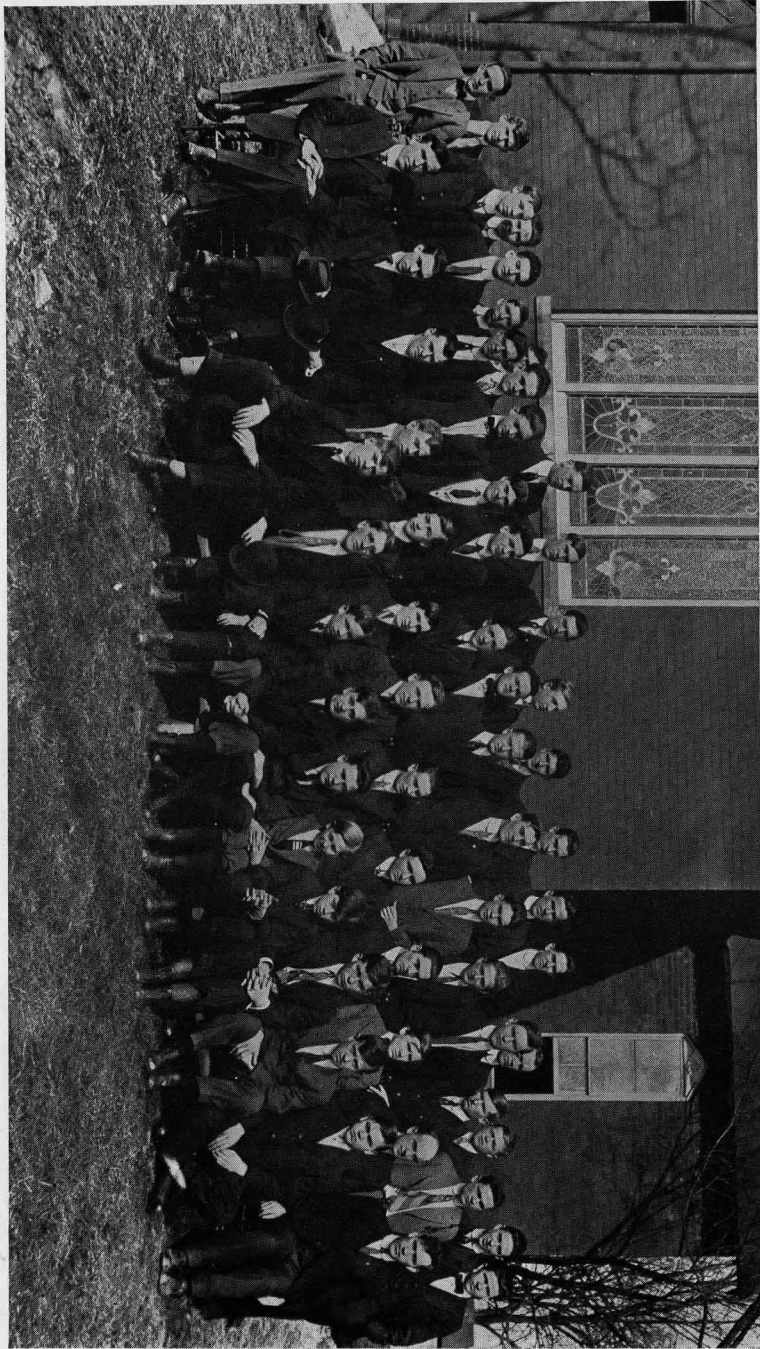
OFFICERS

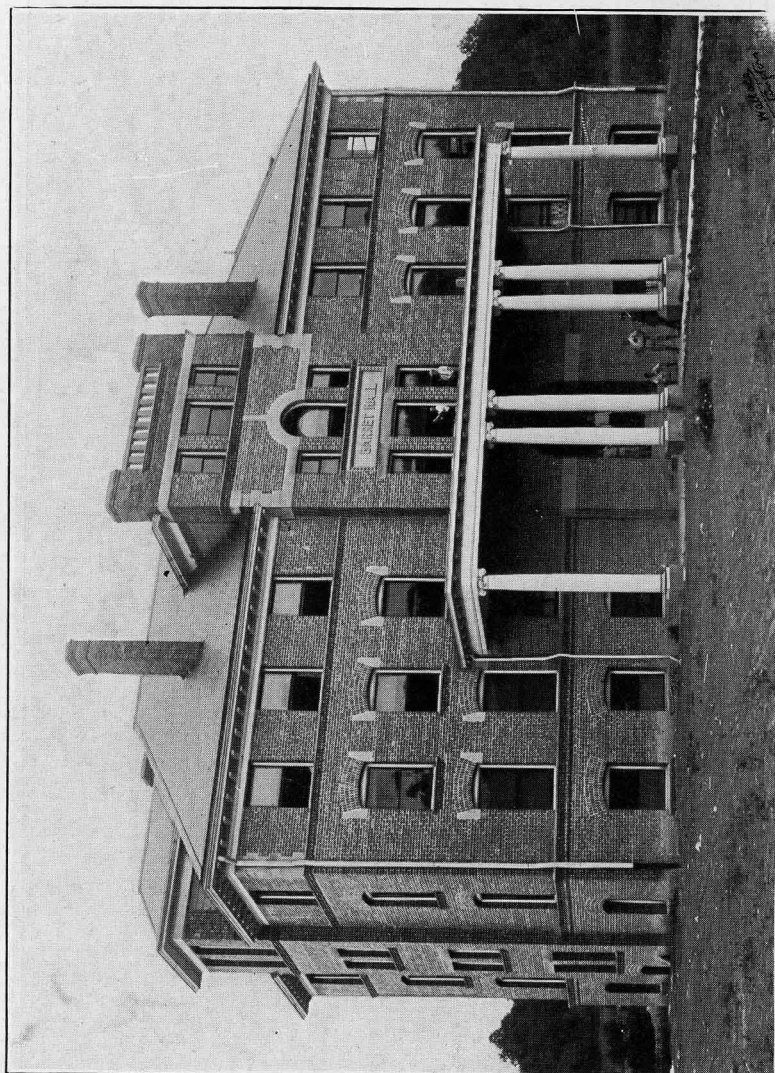
POE COFFMAN
ELBERT FULTON
CLARENCE COON

President
Vice-President
Secretary

ROLL OF MEMBERS

P E. Stout	Charles Turley	Billy Bolden
Isaac Richmond	Watt Stewart	C. C. Hatley
R. T Webb	Geo. Payne	John Yoak
Holly Osborne	H. C. Conley	C. C. Calvert
Edgar Billups	R. L. McClung	Lawrence Russell
Roy Midkiff	Herman Beckelheimer	Virgil McEldowney
Claud Justice	Charles Fulton	Harry Morris
Russell Frazier	W O. Ropp	Robt. Clark
Fuller Wolcott	J C. Bolden	Lyod Lester
Darrell Morrison	Rollin Withrow	H. H. Phelps
Oral Wilson	Walter Jarvis	Ottie Donahoo
Theodore Kraus	Harry Baker	Howard Campbell
Poe Coffman	Carl Berry	Clifford Coon
Clarence Coon	Luther Whitman	William Bryan
Paul Riley	Rex Berry	Wirt Turner
Arthur McDonald	Heber Keathly	Clifford Adkins
Brownie Fulton	Frank Lester	Clark May
	B. B. Lambert	





BILLINGSLEY HALL

Literary



W W.T.



THE HARVEYAN



A Vision

WATT STEWART
(Winner in Literary Contest)

Half waking, half asleep I sat
One day at eventide,
Came Duty stern and Pleasure fair
And stood close at my side.
Spoke Duty first "O Mortal, come
Along this way with me,
It is not free from toil and pain,
But happy thou wilt be."

Her path led up a mountain steep,
With rough, sharp stones 't was paved,
Beside it flowed no purling stream,
Sere branches o'er it waved,
Sometimes it ran through passes dark,
Sometimes crossed chasms deep,
'Twas such a way as weaklings shun,
As strong men dare and keep.

While I stood gazing up this path
With Duty waiting near,
Fair Pleasure plucked me by the arm
And murmured in my ear—
"Look not upon this pathway drear,
Stroll rather here with me
Where life is pleasant, bright and gay,
From hardships ever free."

Then showed she me another way—
Not difficult to gain—
Shadowed along with leafy trees,
Slow winding o'er a plain,
On every hand were gorgeous flowers,
Of colors gay and fair,
And wafting sweetly over all
Were breaths of perfumed air

As I, enraptured, gazed on this
Again did Duty speak
"O Man, pursue thy way with me,
Be not unwise and weak,



THE HARVEYAN



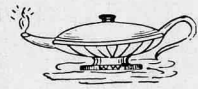
Look close at Pleasure's path, I pray,
And see concealed there
In cunning way, pitfalls of sin,
The foolish to ensnare.

"Look searchingly along the way
I pointed out to you,
See you the joys that come from pain?
Not little they, nor few,
Look still along this path, e'en to
The mountain's very cone,
See there for him who there attains
By grace and strength, a throne."

I looked and saw what heretofore
Was hidden from my sight,
Along the way oases green
And palaces of light
Where dwelleth Love and Sympathy,
While at the pathway's end
Shone bright a throne—a princely throne—
Awaiting Duty's friend.

Once more on Pleasure's path I looked—
It now seemed false and vain,
For Duty's voice was urging me
To mount up from the plain.
"O Duty, I will take thy path,"
I said, my heart grown strong,
"And thee I'll ever follow, though
The way be hard and long."

And then the vision passed away,
'T was but a dream, I trow,
But sitting there, deep in my soul,
I made a solemn vow
In pleasures and the gauds of life
For joy I'll ne'er confide,
Where Duty calls I'll go always,
Nor ever turn aside.



The Taming of a Freshman

HELEN WRIGHT

(Winner in Literary Contest)

WHEN Jacky Frazier first came to college he carried a cane, had an old gold and purple band around his hat, and wore lavender silk hose. He was one of those bright Freshmen who think they know everything. Before the week was out he became so unbearable that we boys of the Sophomore class decided to put him back into his place, the place where all timid Freshmen belong. So we called a class-meeting and decided on a plan that we knew would work.

It happened that I was selected as the one to make friends with Jacky and bring him that night upon Coon's Hill where the rest of the boys would be waiting for us. There was no moon and not a star could be seen, in fact it was a splendid night for ghosts to be abroad. I will confess I was rather shivery over the prospect of going there at eleven o'clock at night, and I know Jacky would have backed out if he hadn't been afraid of being guyed. But I kept telling Jacky what a success he was with the girls that he might not lose courage. He took it all in as I knew he would and it helped him wonderfully.

A blood-curdling yell sounded just as we reached the summit, and white-sheeted figures came from behind the trees and surrounded us. Jacky started to laugh one of those sickly laughs, but just then one of the ghosts pricked him with a pitch-fork. Jacky's laugh ended in a yell of mingled fear and pain. Jacky then started running with the ghosts after him. He fell down once and was pricked with the pitch-fork. Suddenly one of the ghosts tripped him, sending him head-foremost into a shed at the foot of the hill. The place smelled of sulphur and was thick with a blue smoke. Jacky felt the pitch-fork again and he jumped up, only to find a ghost standing motionless with the index finger of its right hand pointed accusingly at him. Jacky began trembling and backing away. The ghost spoke in a hollow voice, "Thou mortal, by name Jacky Frazier, I have been informed that thou aspirest to become the gallant knight of a certain young girl at the Hall, dost thou?"

"No, sir," said Jacky in a weak, tremulous voice.

"Thou didst not write those notes that Grace hath been giving her?"

"No, sir "

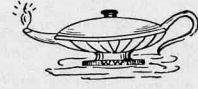
"I have been informed that thou sportest a cane and lavender hose, dost thou not know that all this is very unbecoming in a Freshman?"

"Yes, sir Please, if you will let me off this time I'll never do any thing again of which you don't approve," pleaded Jacky. We, on the outside, had the greatest trouble to keep from laughing.

Well, Jacky was released on condition that he would let the girls alone, wear black hose, and look up to the Sophomores. Before he was allowed to leave the shed, however, the ghost made him blind-fold himself. Then the ghost spoke in his hollow voice, "Go, thou mortal, and I follow " Jacky started, falling over fences and stones. When he came to the ditch that runs through the meadow, he fell in and was covered with mud. At last he stumbled into the grave-yard and the ghost told him to stand still, then count fifty and remove the bandage.



THE HARVEYAN



We hid at a safe distance and watched him. He took his bandage off and when he found himself in the cemetery he began running in the direction of town. I never have seen a boy run so fast, and he did not stop until he reached the Dormitory

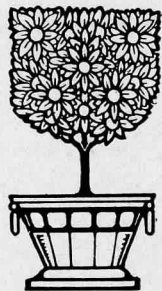
Jacky was very much altered after that night. He was called a girl hater and we Sophomores had nothing to complain of in his behavior towards us. There was one strange thing about him though, after that night he never liked me.

The Aged Graduate

ROY MIDKIFF

'Twas once said on a freshman's head,
A woodchuck lit one day
He set to drill, and broke his bill,
And then flew far away
But this you know was victory,
The freshman won the fray

With weakened will, and broken bill,
The bird returned 'tis said.
His beak too dull, for human skull,
He chose the senior's head,
With perfect ease picked out his brain,
And flew away half fed.





Present Day Shakespeare

Version of Parts of Julius Ceasar

GRACE YOOK
(Winner in Literary Contest)

PART I.

Scene—M. H. C. Campus.

Characters—Duty Teacher and four girls.

DUTY TEACHER "Hence! in you idle students, get you in,—is this not study hour? What! know you not that being in Rose Harvey you ought not walk beyond the dead line without permission of three teachers? Speak! What rank art thou?"

FIRST GIRL "Why, Miss, a Pep."

D. T "Where is thy Latin then and Algebra, and what doest thou with thy roommate's best dress on? You there! what rank art thou?"

SECOND GIRL "A Freshman, Ma'am, and leader of the class."

D. T : "But why art thou not working?"

SECOND GIRL: "My lessons are too easy for my brain."

D. T : "Then get thee to the detention class for three days and learn to do thy work with diligence."

D. T "And thou, what rank art thou?"

THIRD GIRL: "Had you not heard of me, I am a Sophomore."

D. T "Now since I think, you were reported for talking in the hall."

D. T "And who art thou, to take possession of this campus? Speak!"

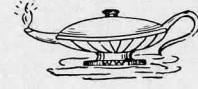
FOURTH GIRL "I am a Senior and my fame has already been spread throughout state and city I this year do leave these walls and go to teach the rising generation. I have the privilege of walking on these grounds, even after all others are in their rooms at work."

D. T "Oh, I remember now It was you who failed to make a grade on Ethics and I call to mind the fact that your privileges were but this morning cut for talking in the study hall,—but why are you not all at your work? Answer me."

GIRLS "We did but walk to this, the marking line to watch the heroes as they file down street, we did but smile at each of them, and they in turn did doff their caps,—pray tell us if we have by this one act brot wrath upon our heads? We do apologize and will now promise that we would rather die, than break a rule of this, a school we love so well."



THE HARVEYAN



PART II.

Scene—Room in Rose Harvey

Characters—Girls from the age of 16 to 20.

(Enter a girl.)

"Mary, Susan, anybody, lend me your tie, I have to go to detention class because I did not practice. Though you break a rule in the morning, it is found out in the afternoon, thus it was this time."

"Our excellent faculty has told us that borrowing is prohibited, if that is so I have broken a rule and I shall answer for it."

"Here, under rules and regulations, we do speak unkindly of this school; but we have teachers here faithful and kind to us. They have our interest truly on their hearts."

"The Seniors all but worry us to death,—but Professor says they are real Seniors and he is a truthful man. When the Juniors have studied, the Seniors have loafed, real Seniors should be made to study more. Yet Professor says they are real Seniors and surely he is a truthful man. You all do know that three times on examinations one Senior made a grade of 75,—was that real study? But if they buy a ring they are real Seniors, and everyone is wearing that good sign. You all do know those rings. I remember the first time they put them on—'twas just, I think, after holidays. And how they flashed and sparkled in the sun. But girls, let me not stir you up by telling you of these, the mighty Seniors. They that do wear these signs must be studious, or else they would ne'er have passed through these long years. Let us praise their mighty deeds and allow their fame to take what course it will."

"Possessed"

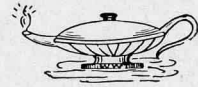
(By a Freshman)

One little day of mine you took,
And now—though strange, 'tis true—
No days at all are left for me,
All time belongs to you.

You captured one swift, passing thought.
Who dreamed what would befall?
No dream or fancy now is mine,
You hold my brain in thrall.

You crept into my quiet work!
Now all I plan or do,
Has one sole object, one glad aim—
My work is all for you.

I found you one day in my heart,
Its rooms were chill and bare,
But now, though crowded, only one—
One face, one shape is there.



“Slim” the Football Star

(Jack Latterner)

IT WAS “Slim’s” first year at the school, and on his first appearance on the football field, the coach did not pay much attention to the tall, slender, loose-jointed, blue-eyed, dark curly-haired youngster therefore during most of the practice that afternoon, Slim decorated the side-lines. As he watched the strong, sturdy athletes of the first and second teams, struggling fiercely against each other, he became deeply interested. The line plunging and spectacular end runs and tackles, thrilled him through and through. He made up his mind then and there, he would learn how to play this game that appealed to him so much.

It was rather discouraging day after day Slim went out on the field, but no one seemed to pay much attention to him, and the coach always seemed too busy with the squad that made up the first two elevens, to notice Slim. If no one noticed Slim, it was not so with him, for he watched, with interest, every move made by the lucky individuals who comprised the first team, watched how they tackled, how they passed and caught the ball, how they gave interference when on the offence, and how they broke it up when on the defence, and when the coach singled out anyone to explain or demonstrate some special bit of football strategy, Slim was always close at hand and listened intently to all that was said, he would be the first on the field in the afternoons and the last to leave. He soon learned how to handle himself to get the most value from his strength, and became quite skillful at booting the ball. He was especially good at drop kicking for goal, and would practice this by the hour

Still the coach did not seem to notice Slim only now and then would he let him get in the scrimmaging, and then, only on the line, when some one got crippled and there happened to be no other substitute around. These occasional trials, though, gave Slim the practical experience he wanted and needed, so that he soon picked up much knowledge of football strategy he also learned the signals and all the formations and trick plays, and would repeat them over and over to himself when alone at night in his room, until finally he knew them perhaps better than any single member of the Varsity squad.

The season advanced, but still Slim did not get to play with the Varsity, but frequently then, the coach lined him up with the scrubs, and, although it seemed to Slim, no one noticed when he made a tackle or broke up a play all the time the coach made a mental note of his performance and noted his improvement, day by day



THE ARVEYAN



The season was drawing to a close, and soon the big game of the school would be pulled off, that with their old and bitter rivals, Hallsmar. Slim's ambition was to play in this game, but it seemed very improbable that he would, yet he kept practicing earnestly every afternoon.

It was very discouraging to poor Slim it was the day before the big game, and the afternoon practice was about over, the team was only running signals this afternoon, as is customary the day before games, so Slim was way off down the field out of the way, practicing drop kicking, field goals, he could now kick a goal from quite a distance, and at very difficult angles. It was growing dusk and most of the fellows had left the field for the shower baths, and only the coach and a few stragglers remained. The coach, going down to the end of the field to get his sweater, looked up, as his attention was suddenly attracted by the dull thud of a ball being booted, just in time to see the ball sail between the two goal posts at that end of the gridiron. He stopped to watch the lone kicker, and, all unnoticed by Slim, stood there for perhaps five minutes, watching him as he, time after time, booted the ball between the uprights. At last the day for the big game had come. All were anxiously awaiting results.

The game was drawing to a close there lacked but a few minutes until the end of the last quarter. So far during the game neither team had been able to score, the teams kept surging, first a few yards one way, then back the other way, the ball would be punted way down the field, then it would be punted back again the teams seemed to be equally matched in strength.

Slim was nervously pacing up and down the side lines, bundled up in a big sweater, and several more were hanging down his back, tied by their sleeves around his neck. It was a surprise and a mystery to Slim, when his name was called out that morning, that he was to report with a uniform and to accompany the team, for the game against Hallsmar. Of course he was elated, and, even if he wouldn't get in the game, it would be an honor just to have been one of the subs.

It looked as if the game was to be a draw as there remained but a minute of play. Suddenly a roar of delight and joy went up from Slim's friends and school-mates, as their star fullback booted the ball way down the field and the rival quarter fumbled the ball. The cry turned to anxiety, though, until it was seen their clever left end had succeeded in dropping on the ball, in the wild scramble for it, then they let out cheer after cheer to encourage the team in making one last desperate effort to score, the ball was now on the forty yard line and they lined up quickly, for if they were to score it had to be done within less than a minute's time. Fourth down and ten to go, was the cry of the referee, after three desperate attempts had been made to pierce the Hallsmar line. It was the last chance, if anything was done, it had to be done on this down, for there remained but fifteen seconds yet to play.



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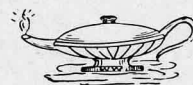
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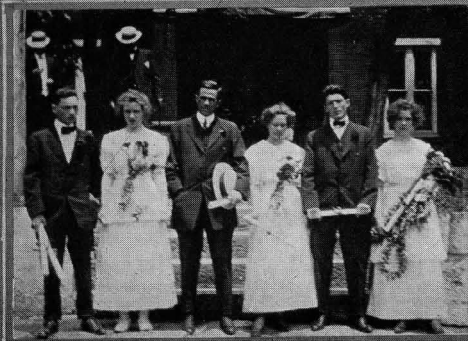
THE MARVEYAN



Slim was startled by some one gripping him tightly by the arm, and looking around he stared into the wild, glaring eyes of the coach, whose lips began to move and arms to gesticulate wildly. The din caused by the roaring crowds, though, made it impossible to hear a word, and, seeing this, the coach leaned closer and yelled in his ear, "Go out there, you rookie, and try a drop kick, tell the captain I sent you. Have confidence in yourself and you can do it. I saw you pull off a longer kick than that, no later than last night. Whatever you do, don't show a yellow streak." Slim rushed wildly on the field and up to the captain, and whispered in his ear what the coach had said. Time was called while the substitution of players was made, then the shrill whistle of the referee called time in again. The quarter then called in a sharp, snappy voice, the signal for the drop kick. Slim "fell" back in a position to make the kick, the big, sturdy full-back and little quarter on his right, and the stubby, broad-shouldered half-back on his left, to protect him so that none of the opponents could block the kick. Then the ball was snapped, it came flying swiftly back to the outstretched hands of Slim, who caught it, then dropped it quickly to the ground as he took a long, powerful swing with his right leg and met the ball with the toe of his shoe, just as it touched the ground;—thump, away it sailed, high in the air and far down the field, gracefully turning end over end as it sped through the air. Had it been fired from a cannon it could not have gone any straighter or swifter. The wind, though, high up in the air where the ball was traveling, was blowing directly against the speeding ball, and when it was yet ten yards or more from the goal posts, it started to fall, slowly at first, then faster and faster, what at first seemed to be a sure goal, every instant grew more and more doubtful, would it carry to the horizontal bar? The wind slackened for an instant, that decided it, as it seemed, the point of the ball would hit the bar, it turned over in the air, and, grazing the bar slightly, dropped over and between the goal posts, just as the whistle of the referee blew "time's up."

Cheer after cheer rent the air, from the throats of the Horris-Marvey students and their friends, and rushing on the field, they lifted Slim on their shoulders and carried him off the field, for he was the—Hero of the Hour







Walking Time

GRACE YOAK

We are crowded in the hallway,
Not a soul will dare to speak,
It is four o'clock and evening,
Time for walking on the street.

'Tis a fearful thing, I tell you,
To be absent from the roll;
When the duty teacher calls the names
Now answer every soul.

Let no one answer for another,
Each one represent herself,
To represent another girl
Is nothing less than stealth.

"Let Sue and Jane be leaders.
Young ladies, mark my words,
Walk not too fast nor yet too slow
And all! Don't go in herds.

"Now pick the driest places
And each one keep in line,
I think we'll walk a long way—
That is, if we have time.

"Pass the word up to walk faster—
Now I didn't say to run,—
If I give you some demerits,
It won't be so much fun.

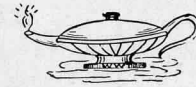
"You can turn at the next corner
And we'll go down Center Street.
Tell all those girls up at the front
Not to flirt with boys they meet.

"You girls certainly are trying
On a duty teacher's nerves.
To make you walk three times a day,
Would be what you deserve."

Now the walk at last is over,
Girls as well as teachers, glad,
If it didn't happen daily
It would not be so bad.



THE HARVEYAN



Farewell to M. H. C.

(Senior Song)

TUNE—"Auld Lang Syne"

WATT STEWART

Our college days at last are o'er,
The parting hour we wait,
Of no avail our wish to stay,
For all must separate.
We look upon these cherished walls,
Our hearts within us swell
With love, fond mem'ries, and regret
That we must say farewell.

CHORUS:

Farewell to M. H. C., farewell,
Though distant we may be,
Our hearts will thrill with memories
Of dear old M. H. C.

But not with trembling go we forth
To life's unceasing fight—
Made strong by panoply of Hope
We'll e'er uphold the right,
And mayhap in the future years,
If we acquit us well,
We'll win some fame for M. H. C.,
To which we say farewell.

CHORUS

Farewell to M. H. C., etc.

With steadfast hearts and courage strong,
Before no foe we'll quail,
We'll labor ceaselessly till called
To rest within the Vale,
Then may our voices, one and all,
The hymns of glory swell,
Where ne'er, as now, we'll need to say
The parting word—farewell.

CHORUS:

Farewell to M. H. C., etc.



Mediation

The wind is driving o'er the snowy waste,
The wind is thick'ning o'er the drifted lea,
The world is resting from its feverish haste
While I sit dreaming here, my love, of thee.

This day mine eyes have told me of thy love,
And now within the firelight's flick'ring hue,
While dreaming dreams sent only from above,
I see a fair, sweet vision, dear, of you.

Oh, what is that within man called the soul
That thus throughout his being bright may shine
And make through finely-moulded dust to roll
The thrill and pleasure of a love divine!

Oh God, thine image thou to us hast given
That through mixed elements we here may see
The love that marks the peaceful bounds of heav'n
And gives us fleeting glimpses, Lord, of thee.

"Our God is love." That love to us is known.
Strive on, my heart, unto that misty goal,
For oh, Dear Heart, thy love to me hast shown
The latent powers of a godlike soul.

From out the depths beyond the gates of time
I hear the whispering of eternity,
A mystic something, an angelic chime,
Which says my soul, oh Lord, has come from thee.

My love for thee is like consuming fire,
All-mastering, an all-o'ercoming love:
Yours linked with mine would both our lives inspire,
To rise from earth and soar to that above.

C. P. C.

"A Rose of Memory"

(By an Alumnus)

I kept one rose when autumn leaves were lost,
(Sweet, fragrant rose, its perfume lingers near)
I kept it still from winter's chilling frost,
And from the North Wind's requiem of the year

This is my thought—to have it always bloom,
(Sweet, fragrant rose, its perfume lingers here!)
And when the gray days of age shall mark my doom,
It still will claim a tear

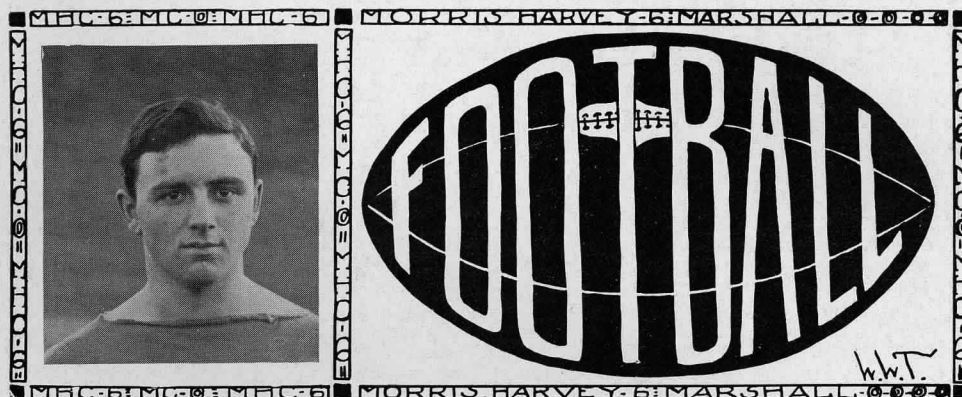
L. A. B.

ATHLETICS





THE HARVEYAN



The Team

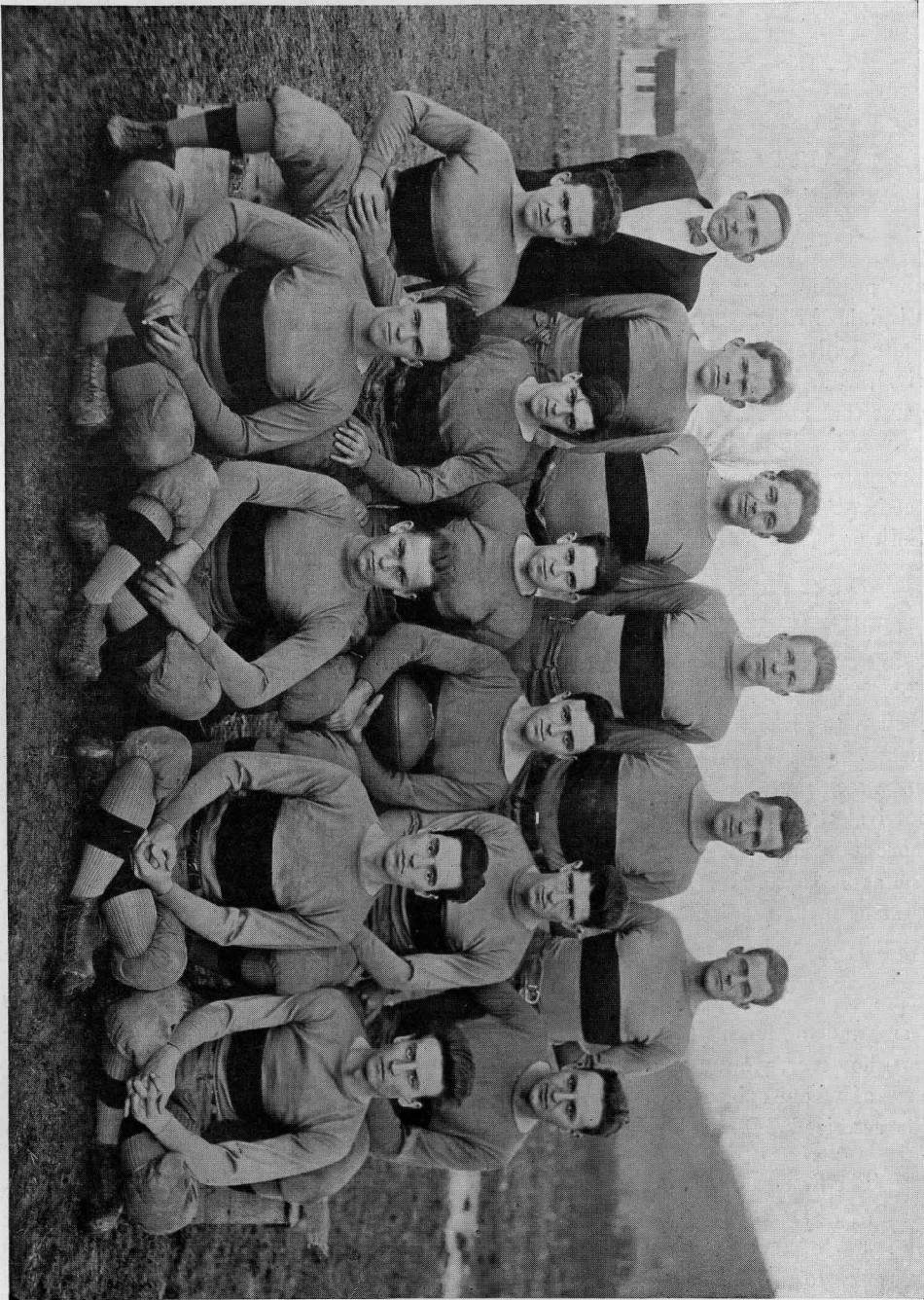
Stewart
Beckelheimer
Calvert
Coon
Snodgrass
Taylor
Coffman
C. Fulton
Latterner
B. Fulton, Captain
Strickler

Left End
Left Tackle
Left Guard
Center
Right Guard
Right Tackle
Right End
Quarterback
Left Half
Right Half
Full Back

Osborne, Bolden, Frazier, Potts

The Season

OCTOBER 4, Grennbrier	7	M. H. C.	32
OCTOBER 25, West Virginia University	0	M. H. C.	0
NOVEMBER 1, Virginia Military Institute	0	M. H. C.	0
NOVEMBER 8, Statts	13	M. H. C.	0
NOVEMBER 15, Virginia Polytechnic Institute	14	M. H. C.	0
NOVEMBER 22, Marshall College	0	M. H. C.	6





The Season in Football

OUR last season in football is conceded to have been the most successful one that the school has ever enjoyed. Though in number of games won the record does not seem to compare so well with some previous records, still it must be considered that our last season's schedule was much more difficult than any previous ones, including as it did games with two of Virginia's strongest teams, Virginia Military Institute and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, and with our own State University. In estimating the season's success the victory over our formidable rival, Marshall, must have a very large place as it was toward the winning of this game that all the work of the entire season was directed. Our season's record shows two games lost, those with Staats Athletic Club and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, two games scoreless, those with Virginia Military Institute and West Virginia University, and two games won, those with Greenbrier Presbyterial School and Marshall College.

The training season was begun with only five of last year's men again in school, C. Fulton, B. Fulton, Beckelheimer, Calvert, and Taylor. But in addition to these there was a large squad of promising, enthusiastic candidates for the various positions, from whom it seemed certain there would be no trouble in getting strong men enough to make a winning team. After a few evenings it was evident that the old men were working in better form and with more spirit than ever, but it was likewise to be seen that some of the new men, for latent ability and spirit, were very likely to outrival them. Predictions that we should have the best team in our history seemed more and more likely to be realized as the games of the schedule were played one by one and Morris Harvey each time came off with much honor. After the victory over Marshall, the prediction became a reality.

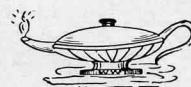
The greater part of the team's success must, of course, be credited to Beckelheimer, Physical Director, who for the first month of training had entire charge of the team, and to Coach Shelton, who afterward directed its work. In accounting for success, however, we must not discount the work of the individual members of the team, each of whom evinced in every game the old, tenacious, bulldog spirit which has ever characterized Morris Harvey's swift, light teams.

The first game of the season, a mere practice game, was played at Charleston with G. P. S. Its chief value was in the fact that the Director was enabled to see in it the work of the new men. Our team was much superior to that of G. P. S., as the score, 32 to 7 in our favor, showed.

Our next game was played with the strong W. V. U. team. It was anticipated that this would be our hardest game. Conditions were all against us, as the field was entirely covered with mud and water and the opposing team greatly outweighed ours.



THE HARVEYAN



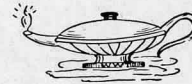
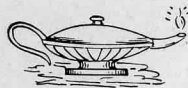
Morris Harvey's work both on the offensive and defensive was of the highest order. With insecure footing and light weight, we held the heavy 'Varsity men for downs time after time, and, with the exception of a few minutes, kept the ball continually in their territory. Several times, indeed, we were in striking distance of their goal when only untimely penalties prevented our scoring. The game resulted in a score of 0 to 0.

The third game of the season was played at Lexington, Va., with V. M. I. Here was shown our real strength on the defensive. The work of V. M. I.'s backfield was truly marvelous, but their attacks never failed to be met at the crucial moment by our line or backfield men. On the offense our backs several times got away for long runs, but were downed by the opposing backs before they were able to put the ball across the "white line." In the last quarter V. M. I. came back strong, but, being met at every point by our men, were unable to put the ball across the goal, and the game was finally called without either team having scored. The game was a costly one for us, since in it Beckelheimer was so severely injured that he was unable to participate in the two succeeding games and was somewhat handicapped in the Marshall game.

The Staats Athletic Club, of Wheeling, was our next opponent. Our team went into this game greatly weakened, since Beckelheimer and Strickler, two of our heaviest men, were unable to fill their positions. Besides this we were under the disadvantage of having to work on a muddy field against a team that outweighed us by at least fifteen pounds to the man. Notwithstanding all this, however we put up a remarkable game, keeping the ball for at least three-quarters of the time in the enemy's territory. Through virtue of superior weight, Staats at two different times succeeded in breaking through all opposition and making touchdowns. We were unable to duplicate the performance and the game ended with a score of 14 to 0 against us.

The succeeding game, that with V. P. I., was looked forward to with much anticipation. We would here be enabled to get an idea of the relative strength of our team and Marshall's, since Marshall had played V. P. I. only a week before. We expected a hard struggle and were not disappointed. From the first kickoff, the game was a battle royal. Our exceedingly light line, pitted against men greatly superior to them in weight, fought like demons, making it possible for our backs to plunge the line again and again for extraordinary gains. V. P. I., on the contrary, was able to do very little on line plays. Altogether our team gained one hundred and forty yards through the line, while V. P. I. gained but forty. In the course of the game, V. P. I. made two touchdowns, one on a forward pass, the other on a fluke punt which was captured by an opposing half who rushed it across the line. Several times we were overshadowing our opponent's goal line, but were unable to score because of unfortunate penalties. The final score stood 14 to 0 in favor of V. P. I.

The last game of the season was played a week later with our old foe, Marshall. As a full account of this game is to be found elsewhere in the Harveyan, we shall here comment on it very little. Suffice it to say that, filled with determination and trained to the highest point, we went into it whole-souled and won a glorious victory, 6 to 0.



The Great Victory

NOVEMBER the twenty-second, the Saturday before Thanksgiving, was the "red letter day" in the athletic calendar of Morris Harvey College. It marked the reestablishment of athletic relations with our formidable rivals, Marshall College, and it was a day of signal triumph for the students of Morris Harvey

From the day the game was arranged a new zest was added to the team. Every player was on the qui vive to learn every fine point of the game and to gain a physical development co-ordinate with his enthusiasm and determination. Every play developed, every lecture delivered by the coach, had in view the crucial test set for the twenty-second. The players dreamed dreams of the mighty conflict, and the students had visions. As the season advanced the "dope sheets" one week favored Morris Harvey and the next they were in a great quandary

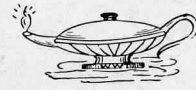
For two weeks previous to the game the student body met nightly to practice yells and songs, and to make speeches to add fuel to the already white-heat enthusiasm. On the night before the momentous occasion, a rousing mass meeting of students and people of the town was held in the auditorium and never was a more spirited meeting held in the former county seat.

On Saturday morning the entire student body, accompanied by almost the entire citizenship of Barboursville, journeyed to Huntington by a special train, arranged and decorated for the occasion. The large, state military band from Ashland, Kentucky, added inspiration to the assembled hosts. Long before the hour appointed the football enthusiasts from Huntington and surrounding towns began to arrive, decorated with the colors of the school of their choice, and soon filled the large grand-stands. The day was an ideal one for the contest and the field was in fine shape for a fast game.

The two teams trotted onto the field at 2.45, each being greeted with a roar of shouts, college songs, and yells. Marshall College won the toss-up and chose to receive the kick-off. Captain Fulton decided to defend the south goal. As the opposing teams lined up, the intensity of the situation was painful. Latterner, by a mighty boot, sent the oval flying against the north goal striking the cross-bar. Marshall recovered and gained ten yards, but were soon forced to punt, Morris Harvey bringing the ball back to their forty yard line. Neither team could gain any material advantage during the first and second quarters, each one battling back and forth from the middle of the field. However, Morris Harvey early demonstrated her superiority. Her line was holding



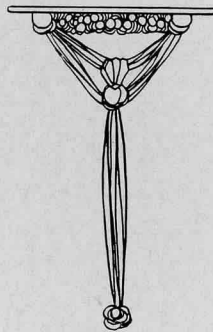
THE HARVEY MAN

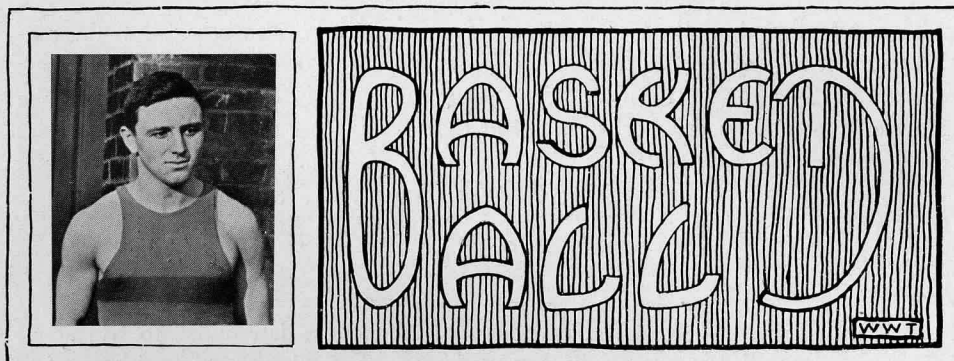


like a stone wall and on the offensive, the eleven was working together with the precision and harmony of a perfect machine. In the third quarter only did Marshall look dangerous. By a series of wide end runs they succeeded in carrying the ball to the shadow of Morris Harvey's goal posts. But their hopes were soon shattered. Morris Harvey got the ball and C. Fulton broke through for a magnificent fifty yard run. Then by a series of brilliant trick plays, line plunges, and a forward pass, Morris Harvey placed the ball on Marshall's ten yard line where Latterner tried an unsuccessful field goal.

In the final quarter, Morris Harvey came back strong, determined to win at all hazards. By a series of beautifully executed plays the ball was soon within a few yards of Marshall's goal. Latterner was chosen as "the man of the hour" With a mighty bound he tore through the opposing line and planted the ball securely behind the opponent's goal. Pandemonium broke loose. All the enthusiasm of the students and loyal supporters of Morris Harvey, pent up in their lusty lungs for several years, broke loose. The uproar was deafening. As soon as order was restored from the seeming chaos the goal from the field failed, and the score stood 6-0 in favor of Morris Harvey. In the few remaining moments of play, Marshall made several supreme efforts, but all in vain.

The game was the best and hardest fought ever seen in this section of the state. The Marshall team proved themselves game losers and congratulations for their sportsmanlike conduct were showered on them from all sides. The game was a fair, clean, and open one from beginning to end.





The Team

C. Fulton

Latterner

Taylor

Beckelheimer

B. Fulton

Left Forward

Right Forward

Center

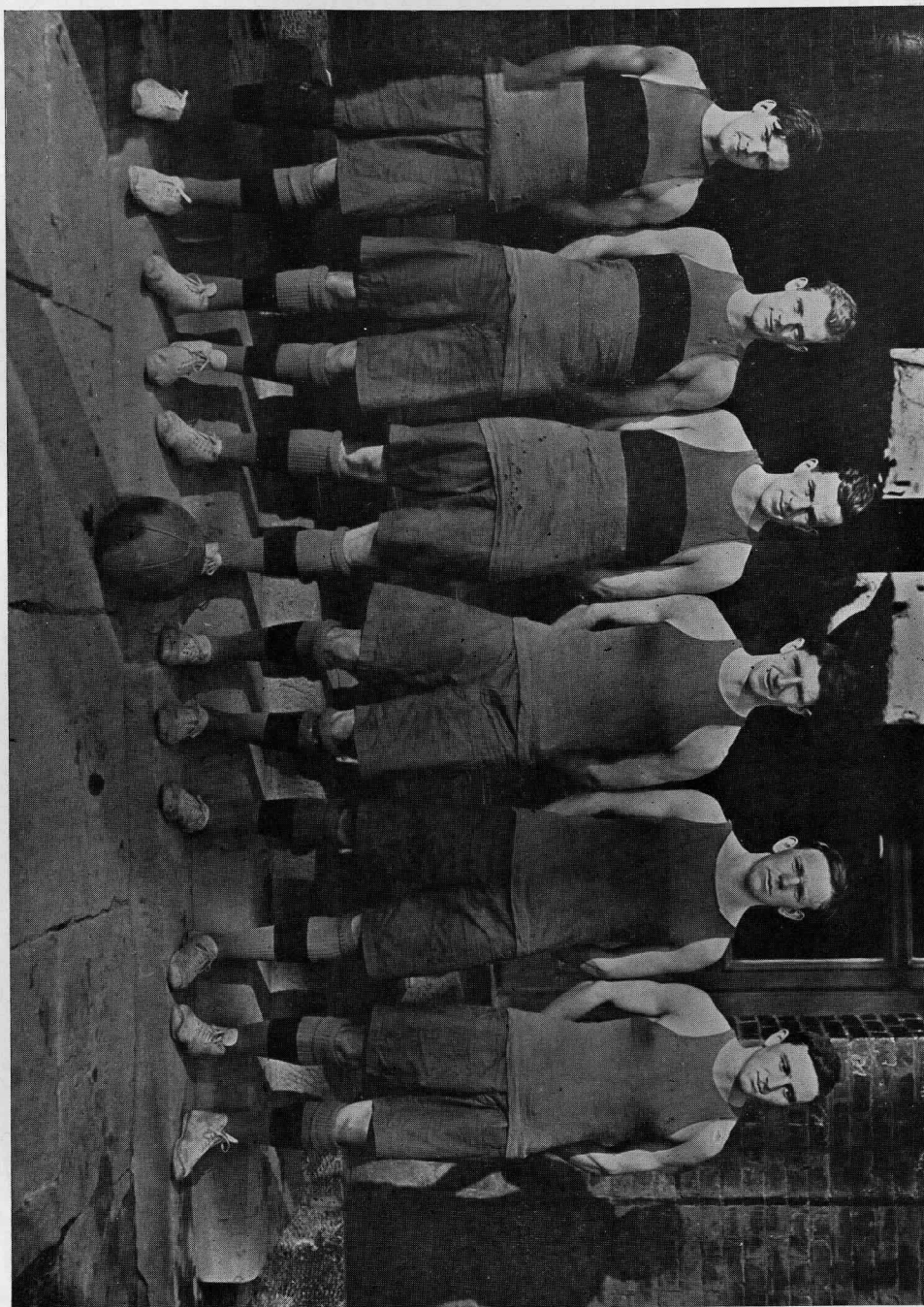
Left Guard

Right Guard

Bolden, Coon

RECORD

M. H. C.	46	Middleport Y M. C. A..	16
M. H. C.	24	Ashland Y M. C. A.	26
M. H. C.	76	Congregational A. A.	16
M. H. C.	62	Alderson Collegiate Institute	25
M. H. C.	67	Bream Memorial A. A.	12
M. H. C.	19	Marshall College	42
M. H. C.	27	Lexington Y M. C. A.	57
M. H. C.	31	Huntington High School	26

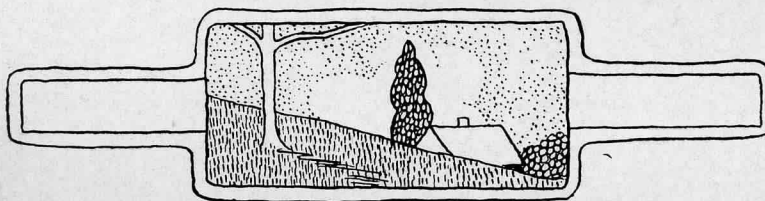


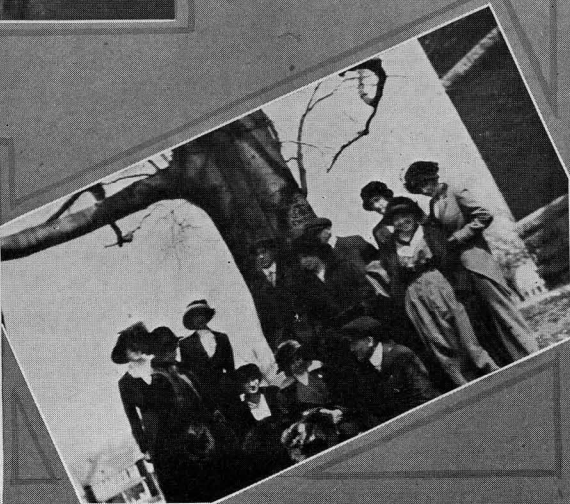
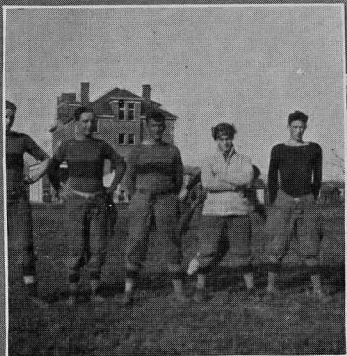
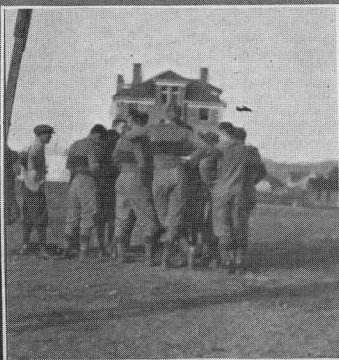
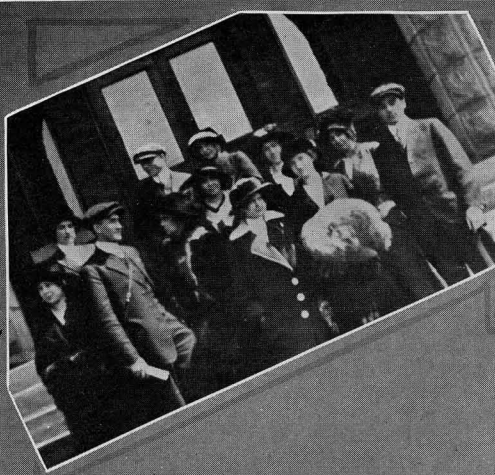


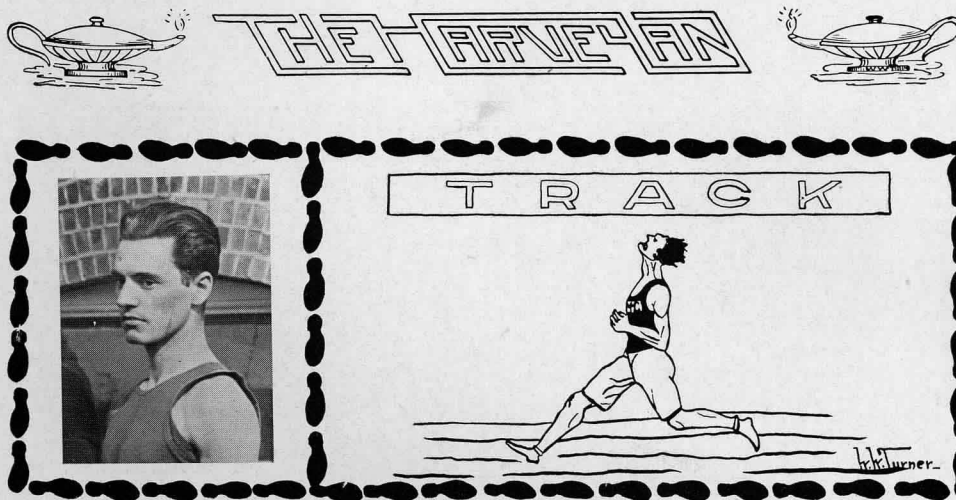
Basket Ball

Season 1914

This branch of athletics has been developed to a high point of efficiency in the last few years. Though basketball does not yet attract the interest of the public as baseball or football, yet it is growing in favor from year to year. The team of this year compares very favorably with that of the past few years. Practice was begun late and as a consequence the trip to the northern part of the state was cancelled. C. Fulton, Beckelheimer and B. Fulton played a good, consistent game and all showed marked improvement over last year. Lattener was the star of the games at all times and was undoubtedly the best basketball man in the state. Taylor, at center, did excellent work. Considering this was his first year in basketball, he gives promise of being one of the greatest players Morris Harvey has ever developed. The game which we were most anxious of winning was lost to Marshall. It was played on the floor of the state armory at Huntington. This floor is more than twice the size of our floor and put our five at a great disadvantage, and they were unable to use to any advantage the style of floor work they had developed. This, coupled with Marshall's excellent team, gave the opponents the game by a good score. The outlook for an excellent team for next year is very bright and already several games have been arranged.







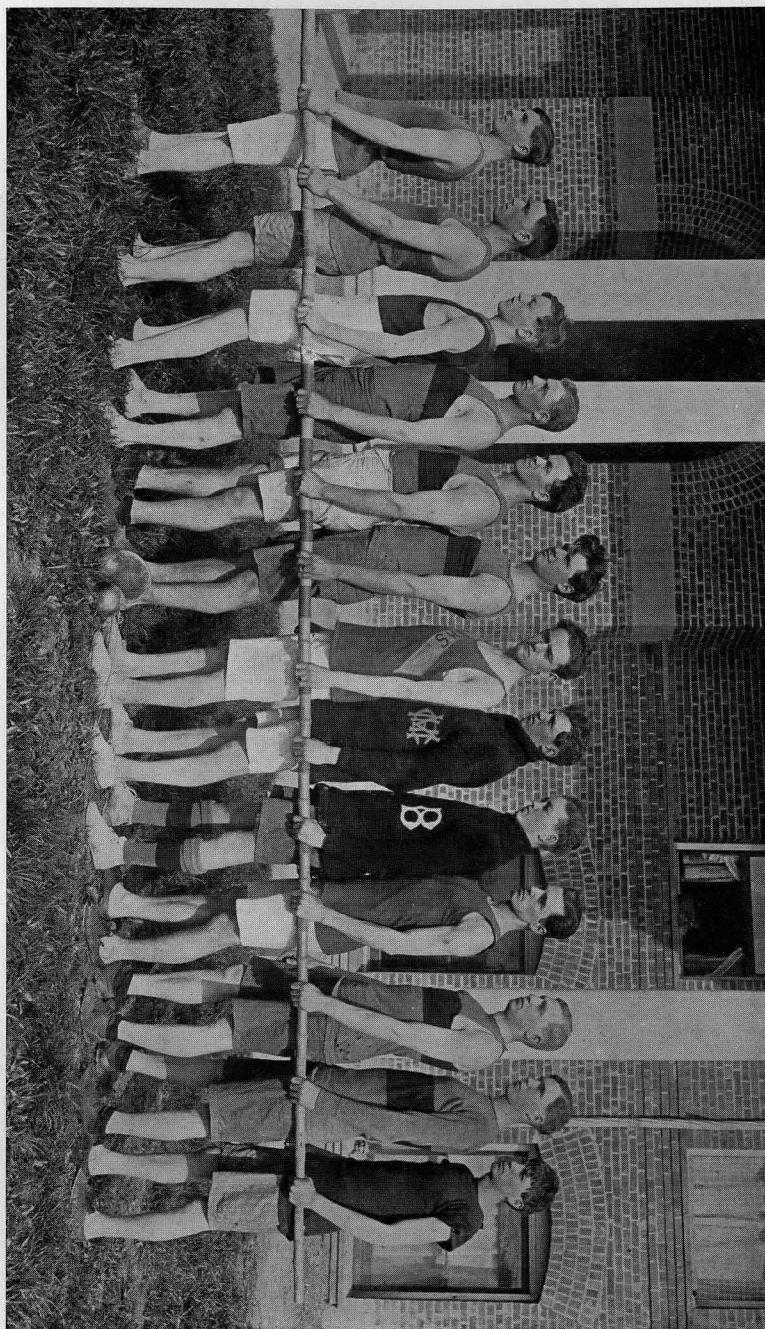
Track Team

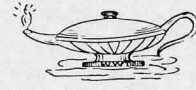
MEMBERS

Fulton, Stewart, Brosius	100 yards
Stewart, Latterner, Brosius	220 yards
Fulton, Latterner	440 yards
Coffman, McEldowney	880 yards
Frazier, Walker, McEldowney, Bolden	1 mile
Stewart, Wilson	High Jump
Stewart, Holley	Broad Jump
Latterner, Frazier, Chenoweth	Hammer Throw
Phelps, Chenoweth, Latterner	Discus Throw
Frazier, Latterner, Chenoweth	Shot Put
Stewart, Chenoweth, Wilson, Coffman	Pole Vault

SCHEDULE

Marshall-Morris Harvey Field Meet	May 11
West Virginia Intercollegiate Field Meet	May 30





Track

At the time when this is written, early April, there is little that can with certainty be said of our prospects in track work. What we mention here can be little more than a prophecy, but even prophecies have sometimes a pretty firm basis.

This is really our first year in track work. Teams were formed last year though there was no definite organization, very little consistent training on the part of the entrees, and no meets held with other institutions. The step taken last year though very unpretentious, had an important effect, for it raised in some an intense interest in track work and led to the definite organization that has this year been formed.

A meet has been arranged with our strong rivals, Marshall, and it is the intention of the athletic management to send a team to Clarksburg to represent us in a state inter-collegiate track meet which is to be held there on May 30th.

We have this year an abundance of excellent material and in view of the interest that is already being manifested and the consistent training that is being done, we have every reason to believe that we shall be able to put out a team that will do credit to themselves and the institution.

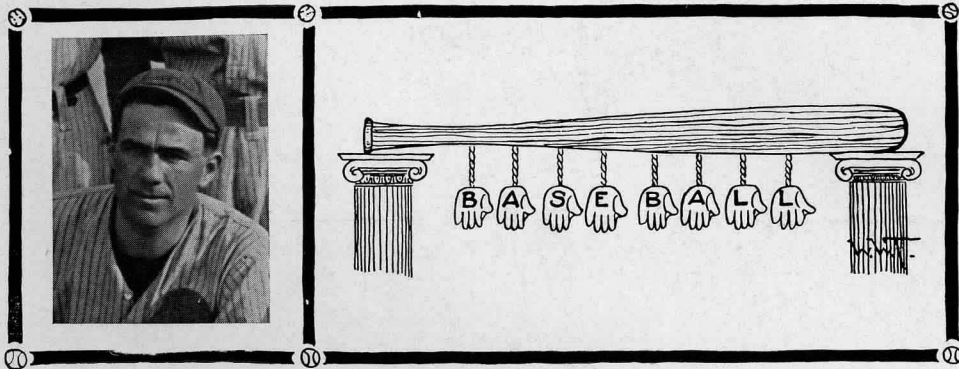
Although little training was done in preparation for last year's meet, some records were made that equalled or even surpassed records made at the inter-collegiate meet held at Clarksburg. The men who made these records are with us again this year and besides them are several men of experience in track work.

Altogether, conditions seem very favorable and the indications are that we shall have a team fully capable of putting up a battle royal against Marshall College and of making a high record at the state inter-collegiate meet.





THE HARVEAN



SQUAD

Brosius, Strickler

Chenoweth, Altizer, McGinnis, Latterner

Beckelheimer

Turner Calvert

Latterner

Fulton, C. May

C. May, Turner

Bolden, Payne

H. May

Catchers

Pitchers

First Base

Second Base

Third Base

Short Stop

Center Field

Left Field

Right Field

SCHEDULE

April 4—Transylvania University, at home.

April 18—Charleston Senators, at Charleston.

April 24—Huntington "Blue Socks", at Huntington.

April 27—Davis-Elkins College, at Elkins.

April 28—Davis-Elkins College, at Elkins.

April 29—West Virginia University, at Morgantown.

April 30—West Virginia Wesleyan College, at Buckhannon.

May 1—Glenville State Normal School, at Glenville.

May 2—Glenville State Normal School, at Glenville.

May 9—Allegheny Collegiate Institute, at home.

May 16—Marshall College, at Huntington.

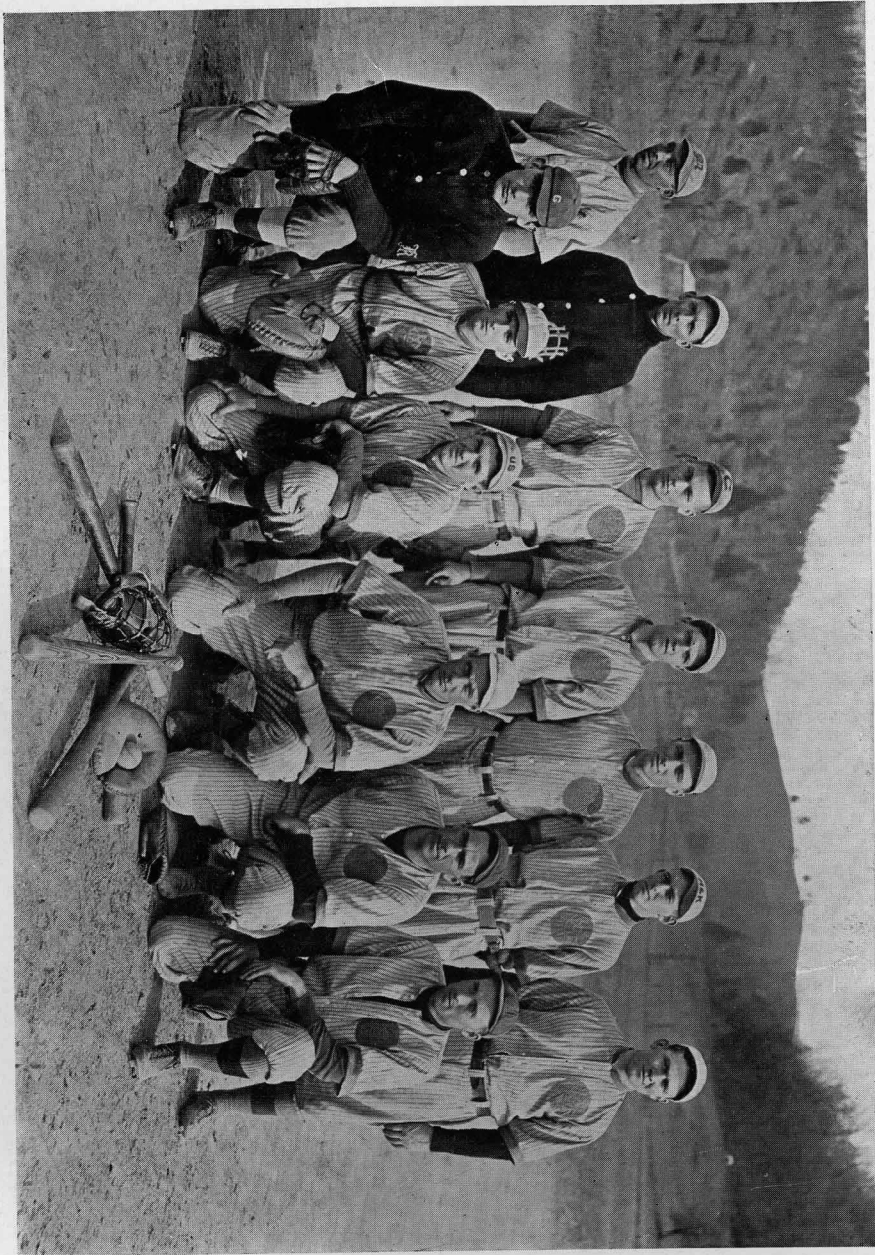
May 23—Marietta College, at home.

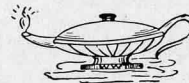
May 30—Wilmington College, at home.

June 2—Marshall College; at home.

June 3—Alumni-Varsity game, at home.

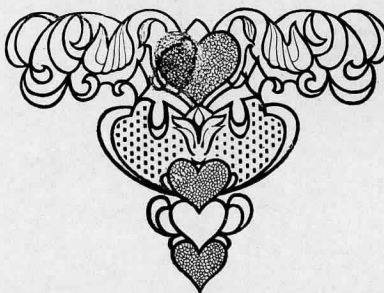
June 6—Marshall College; at Huntington.





Baseball

This phase of athletics is one which has always occupied a very prominent place in our school. In the past, Morris Harvey has each year put out a winning team. Since the season has scarcely begun little can now be said about it. Five of last year's stars, Beckelheimer, C. Fulton, B. Fulton, Calvert, and Altizer, are back again for the team. In addition to them we have a large squad of promising new men who are trying out for positions, so there is great reason for thinking we shall be able to work up a team that will in every way equal, if not surpass, any team the school has previously put out. Of the nineteen games played last year our team won twelve. We expect to make a much better record this season. Our schedule includes games with West Virginia University, West Virginia Wesleyan College and Marshall College, all of which we feel confident we shall win. As in all other branches of athletics the great aim, of course, is to defeat Marshall. The prospects for doing so are exceedingly bright. Altogether, the season gives great promise of being a most successful one.





Tennis Club

OFFICERS

R. L. McCLUNG

WIRT TURNER

W O. ROPP

President

Vice-President

Secretary and Treasurer

MEMBERS

W O. Ropp

Edgar Billups

Wm. Bolden

Bernard Chambers

Herbert Phelps

George Payne

Perry Stout

Wesley Alderman

R. L. McClung

John Latterner

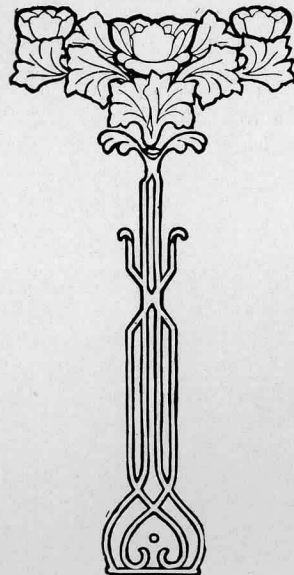
Wirt Turner

Connel Bolden

Darrell Morrison

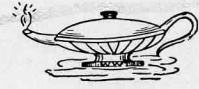
Howard Conley

Golden Land





THE HARVEYAN



School Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 13—School opens.
- 22—Acquaintance party by Y W C. A.
- 27—Annual Reception.
Days of Lesser Importance:
- 23—Every one present in chapel. The picnic is sure this year

OCTOBER:

- 4—First Football game.
- 7—"The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."
- 30—Hallowe'en Party at Billingsley Hall.
Days of Lesser Importance
- 4—"Thou Shalt Nots" read by Miss Allen in reception room.
- 18—The Usual Reception at R. H. H.
- 24—Effie Heffner elopes, of course quietly leaves school.
- 25—Boys leave for W V U game.

NOVEMBER

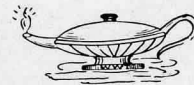
- 4—John Drew—In The Tyranny of Tears and the Will
- 17—Russian Symphony Orchestra.
- 22—Marshall Game, 6-o M. H. C.
- 26—Football Banquet.
- 27—Thanksgiving.
Days of Lesser Importance
- 17—Athletic Association Meeting.
- 21—Enthusiasm Meeting.
- 21—Final Yell Practice.
- 24—The Nutting Party

DECEMBER:

- 11—Strollers Quartet.
- 15—Pierian—Phi Delta Meeting.
- 19—Holidays begin.
Days of Lesser Importance
- 6—Mabel and Watt get up a case—the before Christmas kind.
- 15—Buff Fulton decides not to buy any Christmas presents.



THE HARVEYAN



JANUARY

- 5—"Vacation Days are o'er"
- 7—Vaccination Day
- 17—The Ten-cent Harveyan Reception.
Days of Lesser Importance
- 5—Eva Hopkins returns on time.
- 23—Examinations begin.
- 28—New Term begins.

FEBRUARY:

- 9—First Attempt at Pictures for the Harveyan.
- 14—Valentine Party
- 20—Schumann-Heink.
- 28—Pictures for the Harveyan taken—a nice social time reported by all.
Days of Lesser Importance
- 6—M. H. C.—Marshall basketball game.
- 19—Lincoln's birthday—just remembered.
- 22—Washington's birthday, but it's Sunday
- 11—Spring has come—girls wear summer hats.

MARCH:

- 16—Pierian—Phi Delta Meeting.
- 20—Maud Powell.
Days of Lesser Importance
- 3—Mrs. Synan arrives and Beck recites.
- 14—Demerits are many,—an even dozen present at reception.
- 14—The girls try the new style of hair dressing.
- 23—Seniors observe at Marshall.
- 27—Hikers Club organized,—rain.
- 30—Grace Yoak passes on geometry Shirley Richmond goes fishing.

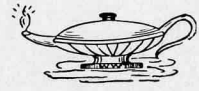
APRIL

- 1—April Fool, also Senior Privileges.
- 10—Easter Service,—Holidays begin.





THE HARVEYAN



H U M O R

Morning

When the bell begins to jingle,
Then your nerves begin to tingle,
For you know you soon must mingle
With the rest.

But you think for one more nap,
You would give your Sunday hat—
But no time for such as that—
It's the bell!

Then you rise with hurried haste,
And you maybe wash your face,
Dress yourself with lack of taste
And go down.

GRACE YOAK.

Grace "My fellow lives within a stone's throw of our house—that is if I could throw a stone so far."

Trena (in Effie's room looking at a Japanese picture) "That looks like a typical scene in the frigid zone."

Mr Hatley (in Physiology class) "Miss Ursa, into what two great classes are all things divided?"

Ursa "Organic and mechanic."

Poe: "Edgar, are you going to have your picture for The Harveyan made Monday?"

Edgar "It all depends on my Sunday collection."

Russell (to Miss Ginn) "Was Solomon's wife an Irishman?"



THE HARVEYAN



Miss Keyser "Mary Lillian, what is the most affectionate race of mankind?"
Mary Lillian "Savages."
Miss Keyser "Why do you think so?"
Mary Lillian "Why, one comes to see my Aunt Helen every Sunday and I peep through the keyhole."

Mr Hatley "I should like to come down to earth in about 2000 years just to see everything."

Mary "Did you hear him? He said "come *down*."

Nona "Will alcohol deflect a current?"

Ans "No."

Nona "Why?"

Ans "Well, I suppose it is not the nature of it."

Nona "It must be denatured."

Miss Ginn "What is a kine?"

Irma "A kine is a little sheep."

The following is Mary's McClung's shopping list. She had quite a time making it balance—just a quarter—but she finally obtained the desired result Ice Cream, 20 cts., 2 Cakes, 1 ct., 1 Apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ ct., Pickles, 2 cts., Lime Drops, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cts.

SOME WONDERS OF M. H. C.

Audrey Hollister's voice.

Russell Frazier's appetite.

Miss Ginn's psyche.

Grace Yoak's knowledge of Geometry

Miss Allen's smile.

Mr McClung's sunny disposition.

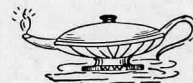
Miss Couch's umbrella.

Charles Fulton has an old razor which he prizes next to his life. On being asked why he thought so much of it, he replied very solemnly: "Why, that is what I cut my teeth on."

Beck says Mr Whitman has said but one word at the table since school started and that was "Butter!" George says he would not have said that, but it slipped out.

Virginia "When I die I want to be buried in a white dress."

Grace Y "I should think an asbestos one would be more appropriate."



Alumni Record

CLASS OF 1891

Gordon Mullen, B. P., Teacher, Delton, Va.

CLASS OF 1894.

Una Chapman, B. P., (Mrs. Richard McClung) Teacher, Hurricane, W Va.

Maggie D. Hovey, B. L., (Mrs. C. A. Slaughter), Catlettsburg, Ky

H. S. King, B. L., Lawyer Barboursville, W Va.

S. E. Reynolds, M. Accts., Milton, W Va.

Anna Lowther, B. P., (Mrs. Fitch) Huntington, W Va.

CLASS OF 1896.

E. Fuller Shearer, B. L., (Mrs. Frank Dorsey), Teacher in Elocution, West Liberty Normal School, West Liberty W Va.

Ethel King, B. L., (Mrs. Mason Long), Pt. Pleasant, W Va.

Mrs. Ura Cummings, B. L., (Mrs. J. T. Shepherd), Huntington, W Va.

Lovick P Shearer, A. B., Minister, Ridley, Cal.

Thos. A. Morgan, B. P., Buffalo, W Va.

CLASS OF 1898.

Myrtle Ayers, B. P., (Mrs. Chas. Morris), Barboursville, W Va.

L. S. Cunningham, B. P., Presiding Elder, Fairmont, W Va.

John W Merritt, B. P., Barboursville, W Va.

Nannie Shearer, B. S., (Mrs. Will Booth), Willard, Ky

Robt. Thornburg, B. P., Deputy County Clerk, Huntington, W Va.

CLASS OF 1889.

Edith Maxwell, B. P., Wheeling, W Va.

Madge Eager, B. P., Wheeling, W Va.

Lucy Merritt, B. P., Barboursville, W Va.

Frank Thornburg, B. P., Huntington, W Va.

Quinta Stovall, B. P., Grayson, Ky

Miss Mary Mosser, B. P., New Martinsville, W. Va.

Mary E. Moore, B. P., Barboursville, W Va.

CLASS OF 1900.

Peter Clay, A. B., Minister Parkersburg, W Va. (Deceased)

Clyde Harshbarger, B. P., Cashier Bank of Milton, Milton, W Va.

Henry Clay, B. P., Minister

M. C. Johnson, A. B., Minister, Barboursville, W Va.

Mollie Richmond, B. P., New Mexico.

CLASS OF 1901

Kate Blackwood, B. P (Mrs. L. L. Wilson), Huntington, W Va.

Eva Chapman, B. P., Hurricane, W Va.

W B. Corder, A. B., Minister, St. Albans, W Va.

Walter M. Givens, B. P., Presiding Elder, Fayetteville, W Va.



THE HARVEYAN



CLASS OF 1902.

R. L. Barker, B. P., Logan, W Va. (Deceased)
Julian E. Caton, A. B., Editor Advertiser, Huntington, W Va.
Reid L. McClung, B. P Teacher, Morris Harvey College, Barboursville, W Va.
J R. Mullins, B. P., Minister, Elkins, W Va.
D. Blain Shaw, B. P., Real Estate and Insurance, Barboursville, W Va.
Mae P Shearer, B. P., (Mrs. Earl Caton), Huntington, W Va. (Deceased)

CLASS OF 1904.

Thos. J Hopson, B. P., Minister, Ashland, Ky
Ruby Adams, B. P., Mrs. I. F Hatfield), Barboursville, W Va.
Reid L. McClung, A. B., Teacher, Morris Harvey College, Barboursville, W Va.
Princess Turner, B. P., (Mrs. James King), Huntington, W Va.

CLASS OF 1905.

D. Blain Shaw, B. A., Real Estate and Insurance, Barboursville, W Va.
Mae P. Shearer, B. P., (Mrs. Earl Caton), Huntington, W Va. (Deceased)

CLASS OF 1906.

Carl J Peck, A. B., Lawyer, Richmond, Va.
Edna J Taylor, A. B., Montreal, Canada.
Benno Leon, A. B., Teacher, Cincinnati, O.
Princess Turner, B. S. (Mrs. James King), Huntington, W Va.
Kathryn Comstock, B. P., Pt. Pleasant, W Va.

CLASS OF 1907

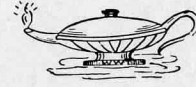
John Dee Ankrom, A. B., Civil Engineer, New Martinsville, W Va.
Leslie Bayless, A. B., Editor Gazette, Charleston, W Va.
Jessie F Hibler, A. B., Paris, Ky
M. Wayman Shriver, A. B., Wichita Falls, Kan.
Guy Coffman, A. B., Minister, Logan, W Va.
Pearl Keyster, B. P., (Mrs. Pearl Scott), Beckley, W Va.
Charles F W. Kunst, B. P., Bank Clerk, Mannington, W Va.
Fannie Lorentz, B. P., Teacher, Sutton, W Va.
Marie Love, B. P., Teacher, Martha, W Va.
Glenna Powers, B. P., Teacher, Barboursville, W Va.
E. Clyde Scott, B. P., Assistant Postmaster, Beckley, W Va.
Meade R. Wells, B. P., Clerk, Morgantown, W Va.
Guy C. Wilson, B. P., Principal of School, Herndon, Iowa.
Brown Yoak, B. P., (Mrs. G. F Freed), Peru, Ind.

CLASS OF 1908.

Ewart G. Ankrom, A. B., New Martinsville, W Va.
Pierce Chambers, B. P., Bank Clerk, Huntington, W Va.
Guy Coffman, A. B., Minister, Logan, W Va.
Don B. Earwood, B. P., Lawyer, Beckley, W Va.
Ella D. Henderson, B. P., (Mrs. Fred Thornburg), Huntington, W Va.
Fred B. Lambert, B. P., Teacher, Milton, W Va.
George Anna McKendree, A. B., St. Albans, W Va.
Addie Young, B. P., Teacher, Harold, W Va.



THE HARVEY



CLASS OF 1909.

H. V Bennett, B. P., Minister, Glenville, W Va.
Joseph Faulkner, A. B., Electrician, Huntington, W Va.
Bessie Grose, B. P., Teacher, Mt. Hope, W Va.
Floyd McClung, B. P., Trinidad, Colo.
Elsie Poling, B. P., Teacher, Fairmont, W Va.
Ralston Shaw, A. B., Athletic Director Broadus College, Philippi, W Va.
Wirt Turner, B. P., Architect, Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF 1910.

Charlie A. Powers, Classical, Minister, Clinton, Mo.
Harry F Toothman, Classical, Principal of School, Farmington, W Va.
Bessie Mae Grose, Classical, Teacher, Sutton, W Va.
Pierce Chambers, Classical, Bank Clerk, Huntington, W Va.
Toson O. Summers, Normal, Teacher, Milton, W Va.
Preston P Wilson, Normal, Teacher, Barboursville, W Va.
Irma Barrett, Normal, Ga.
Ruth Nannie Grose, Normal, Parkersburg, W Va.
George R. Ayers, Normal, Barboursville, W Va.
Frank Cox, Normal, Penn. R. R. Clerk, Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS OF 1911

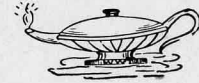
William Wirt Turner, Classical, Architect, Washington, D. C.
Robert Johnson Yoak, Classical, Minister Parsons, W Va.
Paul B. Earwood, Normal, Beckley, W Va.
Ernest V Morton, Normal, Student W V U., Morgantown, W Va.
Joseph E. Wilkinson, Normal, Lawyer, West Hamlin, W Va.
May Holt, Normal, Teacher Hinton, W Va.
Teresa Pownall, Normal, Teacher, Beckley, W Va.
Annie Gilmore, Normal, Jackson, Ga.
Maud Yoak, Normal, Teacher, Summersville, W Va.
Ethel Keyser, Normal, Teacher, Morris Harvey College, Barboursville, W Va.

CLASS OF 1912.

Preston P Wilson, Classical, Barboursville, W Va.
Ruth N Grose, Classical, Parkersburg, W Va.
Susan A. Ankrom, Normal, New Martinsville, W Va.
Dudley L. Struve, Normal, Clarksburg, W Va.
Minor S. McClung, Normal, Trinidad, Colo.
Emma M. McCutcheon, Normal, Barboursville, W Va.

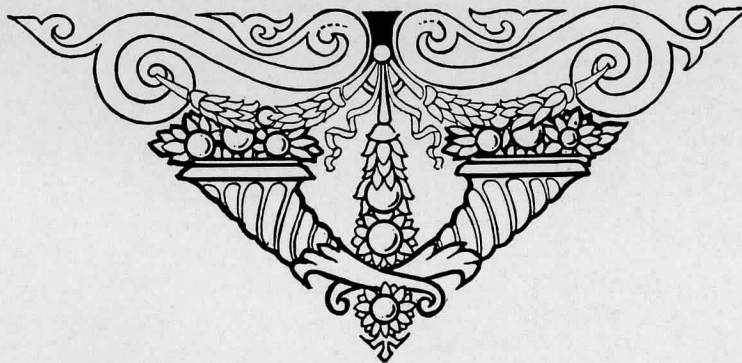
CLASS OF 1913.

John Joseph McKinnon, Classical, Minister, East Bank, W Va.
Lillian May Kraus, Normal, Thayer, W Va.
Eevlyn Mary Miller, Normal, Leewood, W Va.
Charles Fauntleroy Fulton, Normal, Danville, W Va.
Herman Roy Beckelheimer Normal, Dempsey, W Va.
Harry Valentine Sanns, Jr., Normal, LeSage, W Va.

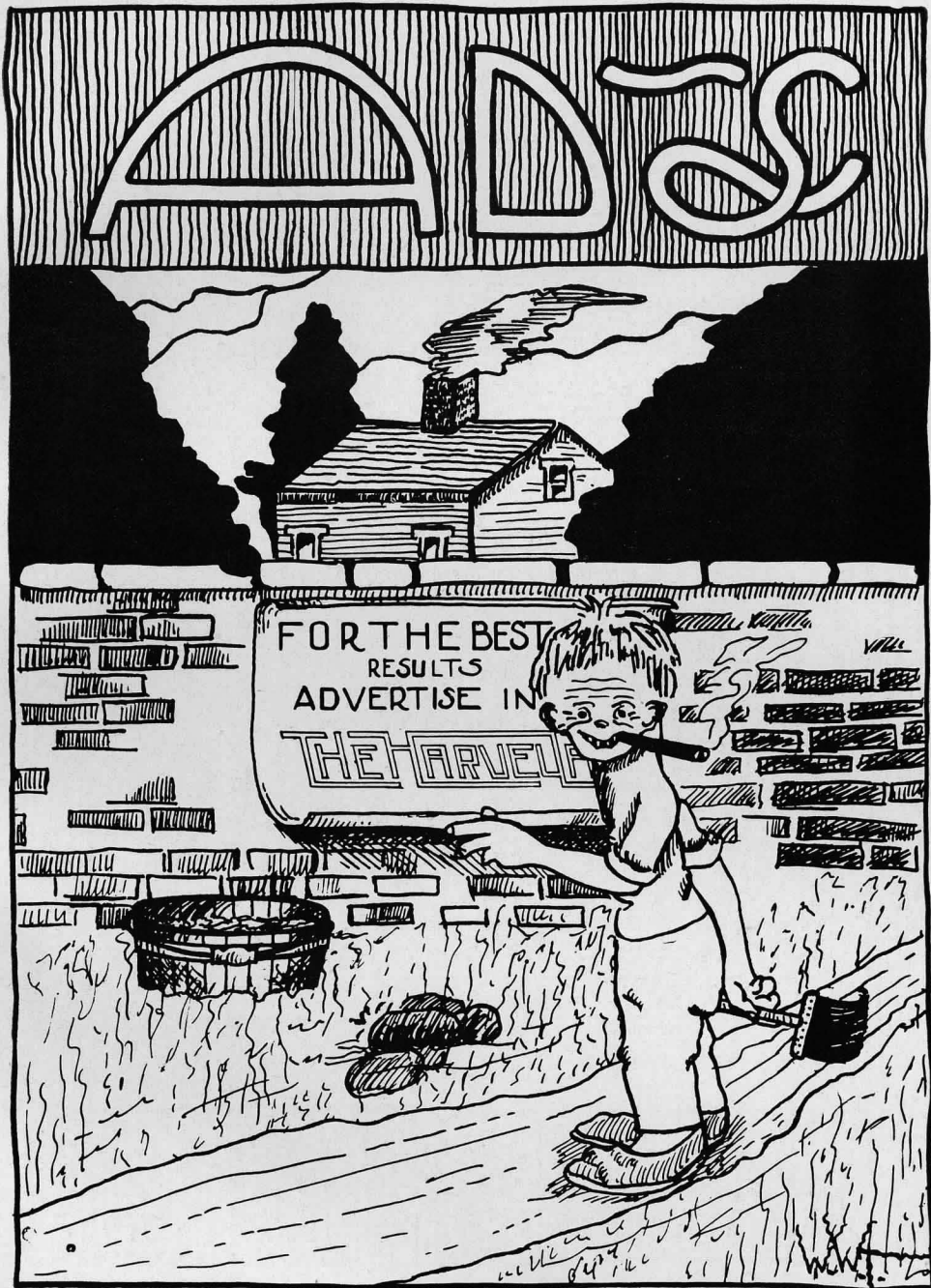


ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

As the Harveyan goes to press the staff take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to those who have made possible any degree of success attained. To Misses Wright and Yoak and Mr Latterner for literary work. To Mr Turner, an alumnus, for his invaluable contribution of pen sketches. To the photographer for his untiring efforts to please. To the members of the faculty for their keen interest and untiring assistance. And last, but by no means lightly considered, to the publishers, for valuable suggestions and help freely tendered.









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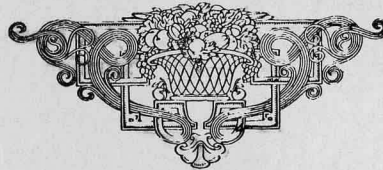
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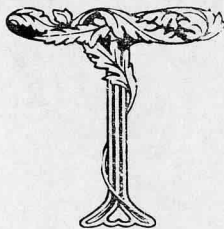


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